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The Shape of Things

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HISTORIC OCCASIONS DO NOT COME ALL labeled for a gaping populace to note. But the first national convention of Labor's Non-Partisan League had about it every discernible mark of history-making. It is not only that American labor has massed itself forcefully and articulately behind Mr. Roosevelt. That might turn out to be, after all, merely an extension of labor's traditional policy of rewarding its friends and punishing its enemies. Of greater moment is labor's determination to use events and not be used by them. Progressive labor has forged an instrument in the form of the league, which can be used after 1936 for what Major George Berry called "a new political alignment." In 1936 words have to be hazy, but by 1940 these words can have only one translation—an independent labor party. Mr. Roosevelt's letter to the convention gave an assurance of his own determination to "enlarge the scope of human welfare in our nation" and to achieve "progress through law." But however firm may be the faith of labor leaders in Mr. Roosevelt personally, the Democratic Party is no rock on which American labor can build its church. Mr. Lewis is also for order through law. He wishes "to save our country the agony and the convulsions that come when extremists take hold." But he is for us a more important leader than Mr. Roosevelt, not because we like him any better, but because order through law in America can be based only on united labor action in the construction of a more efficiently functioning economy and a social system that makes more sense.

*

IT LOOKS AS IF GREAT BRITAIN WERE TRYING to outsmart Germany and Italy in dealing with the Spanish rebels. A week ago it appeared that Mussolini stood to achieve his ambition to turn the Mediterranean from a British into an Italian sea in case of rebel success, by obtaining in return for aid to the rebels a base at Ceuta in Morocco, directly across from Gibraltar, and another in the Balearic Islands; and that Germany also would be rewarded by certain concessions in the Spanish colonies. The Italian prospect is especially interesting in view of Mr. Viton's article, in this issue, on the Italian challenge to British power in the Near East. If Il Duce could get bases in Ceuta and the Balearic Islands he could render Gibraltar useless to Britain as a protection to Empire communications, thus practically assuring the success of his Near Eastern ambitions. While unquestionably British

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domination of the western Mediterranean would be much safer with a republican or even a communist government in power in Spain, the British government appears to have preferred to outbid—or at least to meet—the secret offers of Italy and Germany to the rebels. For as Miss Brenner shows in her "Who's Who" of the rebellion, Britain's virtual colony, Portugal, is governed by the same interests that are back of Gil Robles. Moreover, considerable British investments in Spanish industry will be endangered by defeat of the fascists. And so a British warship has bottled up Algeciras against the Spanish loyalists, thus protecting the rebels in landing troops from Morocco and greatly improving their chances of victory. If they win, they will be in a position to play Italy, Germany, and Great Britain against one another to suit their own advantage. Thus the British Government seems to have hit upon a rather perilous way to maintain its power in the western Mediterranean. For after a rebel victory it may find itself faced with the alternative of losing that power or fighting Italy and Germany to maintain it.

*

OUR FACETIOUS WISH OF LAST WEEK THAT A Negro might win every event in the Olympics came near being fulfilled in the track and field results. Our "black auxiliaries" brought us most of our victories; they also put several painful knots in the myth of white supremacy and showed up in true Olympian fashion the "sportsmanship" of Berlin. Meanwhile we find in the *Manchester Guardian* the contents of a confidential circular issued to the German rural population on how to behave during the great festival—a circular whose incidental revelations are more interesting than its main instructions which are in a word: Be polite even to Jews. Item: The poorer inhabitants living near main roads were to be enabled "by a collective effort on the part of the community" to cover their houses with cheap paint "which will not last very long but will fully serve the desired purpose." Item: "Gangs of farm laborers . . . must not spend their breakfast or lunch intervals on the edges of the roads. . . . Political prisoners and inmates of concentration camps are in no circumstances to work on the land." The whole Nazi regime, as everyone knows, was covered with a cheap coat of whitewash for the Olympic games. The question is will it stay on long enough to "serve the desired purpose"?

*

THE COUGHLIN-LEMKE GROUP HAS MADE itself some unlovely allies in Illinois. The latest accessions to the strength of this highly anomalous party are "Big Bill" Thompson, who, as mayor, stood out for his corruption even in a city like Chicago, and Newton D. Jenkins, one of the more open fascists of the Middle West. Thompson will run for Governor and Jenkins for Senator on Father Coughlin's Union Party ticket. The alliance of Jenkins and Coughlin should occasion no surprise. Incipient anti-Semitism has shown itself in Coughlin's utterances. Jenkins, who ran against Professor Paul Douglas for mayor of Chicago last year, was exposed by Douglas as a fascist; he is one of the really dangerous men of the Middle West. It is not clear whether Thompson's affiliation with the anti-Roosevelt group will prove an aid or a boomerang to the Landonites. He has been thoroughly discredited with most of the electorate, yet he may garner some votes because of his pro-German stand during the war and his later one-man crusade against the menace of King George. He is adept at gathering votes from the underworld whose many gunmen, gin-house proprietors, and dive-keepers recall with nostalgia the halcyon days of the Thompson-Hearst administration. Thompson has been a regular machine Republican, but it is doubtful whether the Republicans will touch him openly with a long pole now. The total effect of his candidacy may be to draw away votes from the Landon to the Lemke ticket.

*

THE REWARDS OF PROGRESSIVISM ARE NOT solely those of the gallant conscience. The recent Democratic primaries show that progressive action by Congressmen may pay substantial dividends in the form of a return to Congress. One proof is Maury Maverick's notable victory in Texas. A session of Congress without Maverick would have been desolate indeed. Another proof is what has happened with those who favored a strong food-and-drug bill in the last session. The drug manufacturers' lobby threatened rather openly that any Congressman who opposed them would rue it. Nevertheless, the two heroes of the late food-and-drug war, Representatives Rayburn and Chapman, won the Democratic primaries, which in the South amounts to winning the election. Mr. Rayburn of Texas, despite the combined opposition of the food-and-drug and utilities crowds, came through with a vote of three to one. Mr. Chapman of Kentucky, running against two competitors, received more than two-thirds of the entire vote cast. The results may mean that there was active work on their behalf by women's organizations or simply that consumers are waking up. Congressmen usually complain that they never hear from consumers but only from industry. They have now heard from consumers in the most effective way possible. We shall wait anxiously to see what the consumers will do against candidates such as Representative Kenny of New Jersey, who played such a large part in the final defeat of the bill after professing to support it. There are rumors that the women are going out after him. If they do he may learn that it is smart to be decent.

*

RARELY DO WE FIND OURSELVES IN SUCH complete sympathy with a minister of the gospel as we do with the Reverend Dr. Frederic S. Fleming. When the pastor of Trinity Church, in New York, comes out for a moratorium on preaching, we are with him 100 per cent. "Why," asks Dr. Fleming, "cannot a Christian be permitted to go to church to worship his God, without always being assailed by a barrage from the pulpit? . . . For the most part sermons today are a very poor edition of 'topical' homiletics, a brand of religious pep-talks, sailing forth for a transitory popularity under the guise of being inspirational. Truly the miracle of the church is the patience of the laity." To all of which we respond in traditional

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revivalist fashion and with traditional revivalist fervor, "Amen!" We should even like a more inclusive moratorium, which should extend to political oratory, and to all other kinds indulged in by people who prefer talking to thinking—and that would include 99 out of every 100 orators who now assail our ears from platforms and broadcasting studios all over the land. Such a moratorium would not only be good for harassed nerves; it might also help to cure the American public of its taste for senseless chatter, which ranks number one in the list of dangerous narcotics, with an appalling number of helpless addicts.

*

IT WAS LINCOLN STEFFENS'S DISTINCTION that he exercised great moral force without being a moralist. His muckraking articles on "The Shame of the Cities" stirred up an immense wave of righteousness by which Steffens himself was not engulfed. His muckraking researches taught him that you cannot moralize corruption or injustice out of existence. He found that city bosses like Richard Croker were more "honest"—that is, a far more integral part of the social fabric—than were the reformers who sought to clean up municipal politics. The problem became clearly one of changing the fabric itself. But although this logic should have led Steffens to stress the operation of impersonal forces in history and to work within them, his forte and his direction were always toward the personal. He had an amazing capacity for persuading people, from business leaders to revolutionists. His mind, always restless and active, broadened out in time from municipal politics to world affairs. But even there it was personal strength and leadership that his eye was always peeled for, and he admired people as diverse in their philosophy as Mussolini and Stalin. He was one of the most thoroughgoing pragmatists in American life, and he shared both the sharp American tang and the confusion that pragmatism has brought with it.

A. F. of L. into C. I. O.

THE parturition of the new American industrial labor movement from the hard but brittle shell of craft unionism has taken place. By dint of prodigious pecking, the old hens of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor, John P. Frey, Arthur Wharton, William Green, et al., have succeeded in getting rid of ten of the twelve unions comprising the Committee for Industrial Unionism which have been boring from within since November of last year and disturbing no end the peace of the comfortable craft-union nest.

To the very end Mr. Green insisted that industrial unionism was not the issue. "How," queried Mr. Green querulously, "can industrial unionism versus craft unionism be the issue when the federation has never taken a position in favor of one as against the other?" The Executive Council, he said, favored both kinds. But how about the local of the aluminum workers, a federal union directly controlled by the Executive Council, which was threatened with revocation of its charter if it did not stop advocating industrial unionism, though ever so mildly, in its news sheet? The council maintained further that the issue was dual unionism, and Mr. Frey, in his arraignment of the C. I. O., charged among other crimes that C. I. O. enthusiasts had even "gone so far as to endeavor to set up dual central labor bodies." But what of the experience of a central labor council in the Allegheny Valley which in a regularly held election chose as its officials members whose sympathies lay with industrial unionism? In this instance the displaced officials, craft-union diehards, not only refused to deliver the seal and the charter of the labor council to its duly elected new officers but sent the seal back to the executive board of the A. F. of L. and turned over the charter to the diehard boss of the district.

This brings us to the other main complaint of Mr. Green, periodically issued, that the C. I. O. was trying to substitute minority for majority rule. To anyone acquainted with the hand-picked nature of the "majority" which has ruled the destinies of the A. F. of L. in the past the insincerity of this charge need not be pointed out. But even the man from Mars could see that the latest action of the Executive Council was deliberately intended to thwart majority rule. Last October it became clear that industrial unionism had made amazing inroads even into the carefully controlled ranks of the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor. To suspend 40 per cent of the membership of the federation three months before the next annual convention is obviously the desperate device of a minority which sees its control disappearing.

So much for the dishonest constitutional farce staged by the Executive Council in Washington. Its effect in stirring up discord in the trade unions of the nation is not to be minimized. This discord will be bitter and long drawn out. But for the very reason that the main body of American labor is only now in process of being enrolled in trade unions and that the job will be accomplished, if it is accomplished, by the industrial union group, the future lies with the C. I. O. That being so, the economic and political directives of this committee, both present and future, become important to everyone concerned with the future of American society. And their importance becomes immediate and pressing in view of the speed with which the industrial union movement has developed so far. It is less than three years since industrial unionism took its place as a primary issue in the labor movement. Today it is a primary public issue and by virtue of the terrific drive which lies behind the industrial idea, labor as labor and not as a mere body of voters has become an important factor in a Presidential campaign.

This year John L. Lewis and his followers are wholeheartedly supporting Roosevelt for reasons which seem to us practical. Paul Ward in last week's *Nation* expressed the opinion that the only difference between Roosevelt and Landon in labor matters would be that Roosevelt would hesitate two weeks longer before calling out the troops. For the long run, Mr. Ward's opinion is incontestably right; for the short run, two weeks—figuratively speaking—may be crucial. For the duration of this campaign, then, labor would seem to be justified in supporting Roosevelt if only to keep Landon out.

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But what of the future? In the early days of the campaign Mr. Lewis, Mr. Hillman, and the others were careful to distinguish between Mr. Roosevelt and the Democratic Party. They also expressly set a limit to their advocacy of Mr. Roosevelt by saying that their commitment extended only to this campaign. In New York the first distinction has been technically maintained; labor supporting Roosevelt is being organized into the American Labor Party. The second limitation has not been expressly disavowed; it has certainly become dulled through not being repeatedly gone over. The danger is that the Democratic Party and Mr. Roosevelt, who know their way around, will by means of sweet political favors entangle the new labor movement. There is already talk of Cabinet appointments in return for labor support. We need hardly remind ourselves of the regularity with which such labor "triumphs" have turned into betrayals. Needless to say, every legislative device that will strengthen labor must be used. But workers and leaders must not forget the lesson of Section 7-a and depend upon the government, in any sense, for help in organizing its forces. Nothing, of course, could be calculated so thoroughly to sap the strength of a growing labor movement and to make it helpless at that moment when Mr. Roosevelt, both as the representative of the owning classes and as leader of the Democratic Party, must not only cease supporting but actually combat a labor movement grown strong enough to offer a genuine challenge to the power of the economic royalists, who for all Mr. Roosevelt's campaign eloquence are not royalists at all but his own bourgeois classmates.

It is clear what the most important single job of the next few years will be: the workers and farmers, that is the majority of Americans, must be taught where (and how) their enemies lie; they must learn the extent of their own collective power and how to use it; above all they must learn to recognize the moment when that power must be used. Finally they must learn to push their leaders as well as being led by them. Just as Mr. Lewis must know how to use the favor of a President and yet retain his own power, so the workers must know how to use the great ability of Mr. Lewis without yielding him too much control—this with due respect to the fact that Mr. Lewis's growth in political and social sagacity is one of the most heartening events of recent American history.

In this process, organization is of course the first step; and the industrial form of organization is a fundamentally radical and radicalizing form. Already the industrial movement has thrown up a corps of rank and file leaders who are amazingly clear-headed and wary and who think in terms of labor as a political entity. Needless to say, they occupy the key positions. As for those so-called intellectuals and social idealists who find themselves outside the labor movement proper, their obligation is obvious. They must first of all educate themselves in the realities of the democracy they wish to save. They must think clearly and speak honestly, and, when they can, act vigorously if they hope to influence the development of a strong radical labor movement and thus produce in fact what now exists only in theory—a government by the majority of the American people.

Moe Annenberg and the Fourth Estate

THE sale of the Philadelphia *Inquirer,* one of America's oldest papers, to Moses L. ("Moe") Annenberg for $15,000,000 is a matter of first-class journalistic interest. In the past Annenberg has often acted as the "dummy" for Hearst in the acquisition of newspapers where the Hearst influence was to be kept surreptitious. If it turns out in this case that Annenberg is the sole owner of the *Inquirer,* as he claims to be, it will be very surprising. Hearst has been known for some time as desirous of getting the property and only on the basis of the conjecture that he is the real owner does the transfer of the *Inquirer* have any meaning. First of all, he has been aching to get even with J. David Stern, publisher of the New York *Post* and the Philadelphia *Record,* who alone among newspaper proprietors has dared to criticize him openly. New Deal Senator Guffey and Governor Earle of Pennsylvania are reported to have an interest in Stern's papers and Stern and his associates stand high in the councils of the New Deal, while Hearst and his friends are running the Republican Party. Moreover, Pennsylvania is a crucial state in the present campaign and will continue to be so in the next four years, not only because of the industrial crises centering around steel and coal, but also because of Earle's possible Democratic Presidential candidacy in 1940. The ownership of a leading paper of Philadelphia becomes, therefore, a matter of national concern.

In 1900 Moe Annenberg was learning the use of the pistol in the basement of Hearst's Chicago *American* plant, the better to equip his employer in the task of "muscling in" on the existing Chicago newspapers. As a gunman, so efficaciously did he build up circulation for Mr. Hearst that he was rewarded for his services by being made circulation manager of Hearst's *Examiner,* while his brother, Max, who had also belonged to the gang, was given the same position on the *American.* In 1910 Max and Moe and their henchmen were lured away in a body by the Chicago *Tribune* for which they obligingly entered on a three years street warfare with the new gun-crew Hearst had perforce hired to take their places. In later years, hostilities forgotten, Moe reentered the Hearst fold, acting as dummy in the purchase of the nucleus of Milwaukee papers that became Hearst's *Wisconsin News,* and becoming general circulation manager and member of the executive council for Hearst in New York. Meanwhile on his own he founded the General News Bureau, a service relaying racing quotations and results to gamblers, bookies, and poolrooms, bought up most of the racing and gambling papers in New York and miscellaneous mystery and sex pulp-magazines elsewhere.

In this perhaps not wholly orthodox career as a member of the Fourth Estate, the purchase of a metropolitan newspaper has been the latest step. Fifteen million dollars is a lot of money for Moe, even though the racing business has been profitable, and at this time, too, it is a lot of money for

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Hearst. The Mellons of Pittsburgh are Hearst's main supporters in the Republican Party. The Liberty League crowd has recently become very friendly with him, too. Either of these two sources would be able to put up the price for a big paper. Time alone will disclose the facts, but in view of the political issues at stake it is necessary to assume provisionally that the *Inquirer* under its new ownership is actively backed by Hearst, the Mellons, and the Liberty League. If Hearst is in control the paper will soon enough show its real ownership by its strident reactionary tone. If Moe alone owns it, the *Inquirer* can be trusted to be no worse than the Chicago *Tribune*. And that is bad enough.

Catalonia in Revolution

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

Barcelona, August 10

A STRANGER dropping into Barcelona today might jump to the conclusion that the city was celebrating a great national holiday. The whole population is in the streets. Cafes and restaurants are jammed. Nearly every building carries the nine-barred Catalonian flag with the red, yellow, and purple of the Spanish national emblem. Airplanes drop leaflets on the crowd.

The illusion of carefree merrymaking is quickly dispelled when one observes knots of men on practically every corner with rifles strapped to their shoulders. Even some of the young men promenading with their sweethearts on the Rambla carry guns ready for instant action. Cars and trucks filled with armed men and plastered over with the insignia of the powerful trade unions—the *Confederación Nacional de Trabajadores* and the *Unión General de Trabajadores*—drive noisily through the streets at high speed, their red flags flying proudly. Barricades manned by armed workers may still be found. Nearly all luxurious hotels have been taken over by the trade unions and at least one is housing families of the volunteers attacking Saragossa.

That the workers are the actual masters of Catalonia today can scarcely be disputed. Although the civil government remains in the hands of the moderate left Republicans, the actual power is exercised by the Anti-Fascist Military Committee, composed of representatives of the leading political parties and trade unions. The Anarcho-Syndicalists of the C. N. T. and F. A. I. (*Federación Anarquista Ibérica*) control five of the fifteen members of the committee. The socialist trade union and Marxist parties have five, leaving only five in the hands of the moderate left groups. Even this fails to present a fair picture of the distribution of power. The C.N.T., with tens of thousands of armed workers, gained tremendously in prestige and strength as a result of the suppression of the military uprising of July 19, when workers went barehanded into the streets and literally snatched weapons from the hands of fascists. It can confiscate cars and hotels, and commandeer supplies from private business houses without challenge from the bourgeois parties. For the moment at least, none would dare try to disarm its members. Much the same is true of the Marxists. Andres Nin, leader of the P. O. U. M. (*Partido Obrero de Unificación Marxista*), pointed out to me that the police feel it necessary to ask permission before allowing their detachments to pass the party headquarters.

Most foreign business men have long since left, confident that only chaos will result if the workingmen are allowed to rule. While civil war naturally carries a certain danger with it, Barcelona is in no danger and the fears of the foreign colony appear unjustified. No one denies that excesses occurred in the first flush of victory, but they were speedily terminated by the military committee.

It is true that if one judges by externals, the situation has all the earmarks of a proletarian revolution. Actually, however, the probability of an uprising is remote. Spain is having its February, not its October revolution, and Catalonia must be considered in relation to the country as a whole. The power is in the hands of the workers, but the basic structure of capitalism remains unchanged. And the leaders of all radical parties appear to agree that the moment is most inopportune for a drive toward fundamental change. The anarchists of F. A. I. and C. N. T. are violently opposed to capitalism but lack a positive program. The Communists and Socialists, relatively weak in Catalonia, are committed to comparatively mild reforms, hoping thereby to obtain the broadest possible support against the powerful reaction. Even the radical P. O. U. M., which is rapidly gaining strength in Catalonia, recognizes that much further preparation is necessary before there can be a successful proletarian revolution in Spain.

For the moment, therefore, radicals of all shades are concentrating their efforts upon a limited program of reform. Already the Catalonian workers have obtained a 25 per cent reduction in rents, a 40-hour week, and a 15 per cent increase in wages for those earning less than $70 a month. A start has also been made toward dividing estates among the peasants. In addition the P. O. U. M. is demanding a 36-hour week, unemployment relief, immediate dissolution of the army and its replacement by a civil guard with elected officers. It also urges speedy trial of the leaders of the revolt and confiscation of the property of the church and all reactionary enemies. This last was partly carried out in a decree issued yesterday by the Catalonian government. Although itself without a specific program, the C. N. T. is cooperating in most of these demands.

There remains the possibility that a revolutionary crisis will be precipitated more quickly than any one desires. Having tasted power, the workers will never again be

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patient with a government as weak and dilatory as the Republicans have been during their first thirty months in power. It goes without saying that strong measures must be taken to prevent further uprisings of the reactionaries and to date Madrid has been criminally dilatory in this respect —a fact recognized by both Socialists and Communists. Madrid cannot move too fast and still hold the northern provinces, but it must adopt positive reform policies if it is to avoid serious difficulties in Catalonia. Neither the anarchists nor the P. O. U. M. are members of the popular front. Both have a tradition of intransigence and both are heavily armed, yet both can be won to at least passive support of a government which actually gives promise of bringing Spain into the twentieth century.

Who's Who in Spain

BY ANITA BRENNER

THE struggle in Spain must be regarded in three ways: It is a major battle in the revolutionary march of the world; it is a deadly game of international politics; it is the climax of modern Spanish history. The decisive factors in each, however, are all facets of one thing, class war. Its outcome in Spain must affect the fate of millions in every country.

In the press, this fact of class war, and its international character, is hidden behind an opaque screen of ignorance, misunderstanding, and downright lying. The Spanish people are gratuitously insulted every day in most of our newspapers. *Time,* for example, calls the women peasants and workers who are defending with their lives everything that life means to them, "flat-footed mobsters." Smug critics reprove them for shedding blood in their battle against reactionaries who actually talk of "extinguishing the proletariat." Hearst's Knickerbocker hits a new low in procuring atrocity stories to discredit the popular milita. As part of that process the Spanish people's army is made to appear as a great, formless, dangerous mob.The organizations conducting the defense are blurred; their disciplines and doctrines are lumped so as to make mob, Socialist, Communist, anarchist, massacre, all read as one word.

The following guide to the forces operating in Spain is necessarily brief. The numbers are approximate but are based on pre-revolution organizational statistics, and on first-hand, constant, and careful observation of the Spanish republic and revolution.

Who Are the Fascists?

The big names on the rebel side are: Francisco Franco, Emilio Mola, Queipo del Llano, in the military field; Gil Robles, Juan March, Francisco Cambó, civilians. Franco and Mola were both "made" in the Primo de Rivera period, and were among his fascist pretorian guard, Franco is known especially as the organizer of the Spanish Foreign Legion and Riffian forces, both recruited from adventurers and mercenaries who fight as much for the promise of loot as for wages. Their behavior in the Asturias, where they burned, looted, and raped like medieval barbaric invaders, was a part of the original bargain with them, but this fact was hushed by the Lerroux-Gil Robles Government. This time they have been promised, we can be quite sure, all Spain as their oyster.

Mola was the organizer and head of the police and spy system under Primo de Rivera. It operated on terrorist principles, as described in Mola's own memoirs, and embraced all classes. Like most Spanish generals, including also Queipo del Llano, Mola has always been closely sympathetic to the junker-militarists of Germany, and to the Nazis. By advice of Gil Robles and certain foreign diplomats Mola, Franco, and the others are now trying hard to disguise themselves as republicans.

Gil Robles, head of the Catholic *Acción Popular,* is actually the front for Angel Herrera, editor of *El Debate,* a clerical paper that most Spaniards identify with the Jesuit order. Gil Robles has been groomed as a Dollfuss since 1933. At that time he was making trips to review Nazi concentrations and his paper was whooping it up for Hitler. In an interview with this writer, he left no doubt about his political philosophy: he outlined the kind of clerico-fascism that rules Austria and Portugal, and he definitely repudiated democracy. Later, as a political maneuver, he and some of his allies were "converted" to republicanism, intending by that device to carry out their original fascist scheme.

The money and most of the brains in the rebel outfit come through Herrera-Gil Robles, which is to say the church in combination with big industrial capital. Through young Primo de Rivera and the generals they link up with the gangster and *señorito* bands who openly call themselves fascists. Just before the revolt broke they had all come together under a single *Fuehrer,* the monarchist Calvo Sotelo, who had made many an openly fascist speech in parliament and who was also linked to the other big-money interests—Romanones, March, Cambó. The concentration of leadership was a signal that plans were ripe; and the murder of Calvo Sotelo necessarily moved ahead the date for the putsch.

The Spanish money sources of the rebels are the monarchist Count Romanones, owner of land and mines whose possessions in Morocco helped to provoke the Riffian war; Juan March, boss of Mallorca and tobacco "importer," who has always bought ministers and newspapers in order to keep his tax-debts unrecorded. He was tried and convicted under the first republican regime as a common felon, but "escaped' immediately after the Lerroux-Gil Robles Cabinet came into power. Cambó is a financial and electric-power magnate, a Catalan who was likewise iden-

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tified with the Primo de Rivera regime. He too is a fascist. He has connections with French and Belgian capital and also with church money, and is so close a friend of certain bishops that he can always arrange interviews with them. Outside Spain the Gil Robles crowd connects with the Vatican and Mussolini on the one hand, and on the other, deviously, with British interests, whose virtual colony, Portugal, is governed, through Salazar, by the people who run the Gil Robles machine. That is why Lisbon is the Riga of this civil war while Gibraltar is its Warsaw. The Nazi link is made most naturally through the generals.

The proportion of the population represented on the fascist side is probably three or four million out of the total twenty-four. This includes probably 95 per cent of the priests, monks, friars, and nuns. The number actually fighting in the fascist ranks is at most 50,000. They are: the Foreign Legion (hired mercenaries of all nationalities); the Moroccan troops (Moors, Berbers, Riffians) recruited around the original corps organized by Franco with the promise of very high wages and very rich loot; most of the high-ranking officers of the regular Spanish army, which is to say almost the only permanent military force in Spain outside of the police, since the army itself is a draft civilian force serving from two to three years. These officers are nearly all sons of wealthy or aristocratic families. They have boundless arrogance, incompetence, and greed; Primo de Rivera was their messiah, and the Moroccan massacre in the early 'twenties their field-day.

The civilian irregulars attached to the fascist machine are recruited from the top and the dregs of Spanish society. From the top come the *señoritos,* young sons of landowners mostly, whose hero is Primo de Rivera. From the dregs come the hired *pistoleros,* who were organized at the time of Primo the elder into terrorist-strikebreaking gangs known as *Sindicatos Blancos.* Before that they were paid by a certain Baron Koenig, on behalf of the German army, to interfere with shipments for France during the World War. The peasant element is drawn mainly from the north, the only part of Spain where there is any considerable number of small, prosperous farmers. They are conservative, devoutly Catholic, and linked to the large landowners, especially the wheat growers, through financing and market organizations, particularly the Catholic farmers' cooperatives. The religious factor weighs very strongly with them; they are the descendants of the Carlists, who fought last century for Don Carlos and absolutism against Isabella and liberalism, considering it another holy war like the counter-Reformation. Their armies of twelve- and thirteen-year-olds were famous for their ferocity. One still hears in Catalonia talk of their raids as if they were recent horrors.

A section of this traditionally Carlist element, the Basque nationalists, however, is fighting on the other side, to the bitter amazement of the fascists. This is one of the surprises, like the republicanism of the Civil Guards.

That is the extent of the fascist machine. Who are its outside allies? They are, first, foreign ships that get in the way of the Spanish navy and block the Spanish forts, issuing warnings. At the time of the First Republic several English ships did the same thing—they also landed men and successfully suppressed the Spanish Commune. Second, there are the planes and aviators coming from Nazi, Italian, and British companies. Third, the officers lent, presumably by these same companies, to give assistance and advice. Fourth, the financiers who see to it that arms and supplies get through, in "neutral" ships through "neutral" ports. Fifth, the diplomats of "neutrals" who recognize the insurgents on the same level as the government itself, negotiating with them and giving them sympathy and advice, while at the same time bringing pressure to bear on Madrid to pay for lives and property obviously exposed in zones of war, and not to be guaranteed by anybody. Last, but not least, there are the press, the radio, and the photographers.

The Left

The Popular Front in Spain is scarcely more than a political fiction. Its pact was drawn up by the Republican Azaña and the Socialist Prieto and the object was to get united labor support behind a bourgeois regime—to try the 1930-33 experiment again. But Spain had already reached that critical point at which there must be either revolution or fascism. The pact itself contains the dynamics of class-war. It has two kinds of signers: those who propose a bourgeois program and specifically state that they oppose any radical economic measures such as nationalization of land, banks, and the like; and those who dissociate themselves, stating that they will continue to support the programs and doctrines of their several organizations. The conflict between these two forces in the Popular Front, and the distribution of strength among them, is the most important internal factor to be considered in deciding what is happening and what is likely to happen in Spain. Starting from Right to Left, the components of the Popular Front are as follows:

1. The Martinez Barrio republicans. They represent the small shopkeeper and fairly solid middle class, urban and rural. This class is not very numerous in Spain. It is only weakly sympathetic to labor, but very antagonistic to the military and the church which both represent for it a terrific tax-burden. Numerically it represents about a fourth of the Popular Front strength.

2. The Azaña republicans. Numerically, or rather organizationally, they hardly exist. The Azaña strength is to be found chiefly among the right-wing Socialists; he is their man, for the reason that he is the most left republican in Spain and at the same time the most uncompromisingly bourgeois. Under him, the program is revolution up to the limit of democratic bourgeois revolution—not an inch further, as he himself said. This was and is exactly what the right-wing Socialists want. This part of the Socialist Party and its trade-union organization, the U.G.T., is mainly the bureaucracy, which means they control the party and union machinery but have lost mass-support—so much so that Prieto, their head, was stoned by a Socialist audience not long before the civil war began.

3. The Catalan Ezquerra. They correspond, in Catalonia, to the Martinez Barrio-Azaña right Socialists of the rest of Spain. This is the governing party in Catalonia, extremely heterogenous, highly demagogic, and supported

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by perhaps a fourth or a third of the Catalans. Their main strength is among the *rabassaires,* the small farmers and sharecroppers who make up the bulk of the rural population. They are as much concerned with braking the revolution as with fighting fascists.

These are the principal republican forces. They lead about six million people; their militia totals about 100,000. Their greatest military strength is in the aviation corps and the Civil Guard, in parts of the Assault Guard and in the rank-and-file army. Their greatest weakness is that they are scattered, wavering, and disorganized, because of the internal contradictions of their own position.

Organizationally the Popular Front rests therefore on labor support which is given with a great many reservations. Radical labor is beyond question the strongest force in Spain. It numbers probably about fifteen million. It can mobilize two or three million trade-union members at least, and this force is distributed as follows:

1. *Unión General de Trabajadores.* (U.G.T.) This is the Socialist trade-union organization, whose membership is over a million. It controls probably about half again or twice as many people, both urban and rural workers. Its leadership is centrist and right, its mass feeling is chiefly left. The contradiction is due to the fact that its workers within the past few years have moved left so rapidly that they have not changed their bureaucracies at the same pace as their opinions. Most of them follow Francisco Largo Caballero, and a minority still farther left follows other frankly bolshevist leaders. Largo Caballero himself blows right, blows left, in the last few months mostly left because he was riding the mass-feeling. Beginning with him and going leftwards, the Socialist trade unions, the Socialist Party and particularly the Socialist youth are revolutionary, do not endorse the Popular Front pact as their own program, and embrace the idea that a workers' revolution, now, is the only genuine defense against fascism. It is to be remembered always, that the U.G.T. and the Socialist Party are highly disciplined, extremely well organized groups. They dominate Madrid and most of the center and south of Spain, as well as the larger cities and towns outside of Catalonia. Their headquarters, the *Casa del Pueblo,* was during the first period of the republic and is now again the real seat of political power in these regions. They dominate the railways, utilities, and big industries (outside of Catalonia) and are very strong among the sailors, both in the navy and the merchant marine. Their influence among the soldiers, who are mostly workers and peasants serving their military terms, is very important. What they are likely to do in power can perhaps be imagined from their behavior in the Asturias. In that uprising workers' committees, in which Socialists were most numerous, took the region over and ran it so efficiently and quietly that not a single industry stopped, there was no looting or disorder, and food and emergency services all went on as usual. The disorder, the horror, occurred when they had lost and the repression began.

2. *Confederación National de Trabajadores.* (C.N.T.) This is the other big trade-union organization of Spain, controlling approximately half a million to a million, in Catalonia, the north, and some in Andalusia. Its headquarters used to be Barcelona, but is now Saragossa because its main strength shifted in that direction. This organization is anarcho-syndicalist, controlled from within by the F.A.I. (*Federación Anarquista Ibérica*). It owes its strength chiefly to the reformist history of the Socialists, and has until recently included practically all the most militant workers of Spain. At the same time, due to its very loose type of organization and its glorification of "direct action" and individual action, it has always been very easy for gangsters and provocateurs to operate within it. It has been torn for some time between the idea of uniting with other labor groups and hatred of the Socialists, but it did unite in Asturias and is now a fully militant part of the defense committees. Its outstanding leaders are Garcia Oliver and Durruti.

3. Communist Party. It gives its membership sometimes as 50,000, sometimes as 100,000. It has now merged its trade-union and youth organizations with the Socialists, and it is therefore difficult to estimate its approximate strength. Politically, it stands closest to the Prieto position, fully endorsing the Popular Front pact and program and backing Azaña. Its rank-and-file members are at the same time highly militant and capable of taking a prominent part in establishing a workers' government. In the Asturias they forced the party into the Workers' Alliance that conducted the 1934 uprising, though until six days before, the party line had been against these councils.

4. Catalonia. The picture in Catalonia is pretty much *sui generis.* The Socialist and Communist parties have virtually no strength there. The most coherent and strongest political group, in labor ranks, is the *Partido Obrero de Unificación Marxista,* led by Andres Nin and Joaquin Maurin. The P. O. U. M. is important because it is beginning to play a part almost exactly like that played by the Bolsheviks in 1917. It was organized about three year ago as a merger between the Trotskyites and the Communist Right (Maurin) but has since been attacked by Trotsky for not joining the Socialist Party. In Catalonia, it is now the guiding political voice. Its policies and slogans have been the chief theoretical influence in the leftward moves of the Socialists. It launched the Workers' Alliances that directed Asturias and are now the vehicles of defense and government throughout most of Spain. At the time of the Popular Front pact it warned that the republicans would not dismantle and defeat the fascist movement. Its program, workers' front as against Popular Front, is what is crystallizing in the committees of defense. In Catalonia it has become a dominant voice because, while active in the defense, it has put forward certain demands at the same time—wages, hours, etc.—and got them. It is also the moving force behind the nationalization of banks and plants and has now pushed the situation to such a point that the Catalan government is hardly more than a rubber-stamp for the workers' committee, where this group gives most of the cues. Its program begins to echo in the rest of Spain, more because of the program itself and its success in Barcelona than through the party strength.

The relation between the workers' committee of Catalonia and the Catalan government is the most clear-cut illustration of something that is happening everywhere

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else in Spain. It is sharpest in Barcelona because there it is conscious and militant and deliberate, but it is a fact everywhere, even where the labor leaders labor hardest to keep the workers' committees coupled to the republicans. The fact is simply this: Spain is being defended by worker and peasant committees "sanctioned" by a republican front. Except where the rebels are in power, the government is the same combination of real power in the workers' committee, rubber-stamped by the Republicans. With the Asturias as precedent, we can be quite sure that an astonishing story will be told of how these committees organize and control the food-supply, prevent irresponsible violence, and maintain essential services.

These workers' and peasants' committees are at the center of the Spanish resistance to fascism. They are responsible and disciplined. They know their own strength. Knowing they represent the great majority of the people, they know that the future belongs to them—so they guard and conserve as much as they can. While the fascists announce that they will take Madrid, "reconquer" Spain, "whatever the cost," the Workers' Alliances say over and over again, "Let us be careful; let us not shoot until we have to, let us destroy as little as possible. Tomorrow Spain will be ours; and it is we who will have to rebuild."

The Education of John L. Lewis. III

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

AUGUST 4 was a momentous day in American history. On that day fourteen members of the Executive Council of the A. F. of L. voted thirteen to one to break up organized labor rather than endanger their control of it. Mad and stupefied with fear for their vested interest, they voted to suspend, which really means to expel, the Committee for Industrial Organization, unless the committee disband within a month. John Lewis immediately announced that the committee will go on. Thus the council threw out 40 per cent of the A. F. of L. membership—1,250,000 workers—as a starter. For needless to say the A. F. of L. will have to go on cutting itself away from the main stream of American labor. It split wide open every state federation of labor, every city trades and labor council, every national union down to its smallest local. And the drift will inevitably be away from Green toward John Lewis. It is that now. The vast majority of the labor bodies which have voted on the issue have voted in favor of the C.I.O. That does not mean that the struggle will not be bitter and prolonged.

The council of course voted illegally. It acted as judge and jury; one of its henchmen was the prosecutor; and since the task it had set itself was unconstitutional, the defendants refused to be party to the farce. For the constitution of the A. F. of L. expressly provides that only its annual conventions can suspend or expel constituent unions, and then only by a two-thirds majority. Green *knows* that the council acted illegally, in order that the suspended unions might be excluded from the convention three months hence and thus be prevented from voting on the issue. Besides the Old Guard did not really vote on any of the issues they pretended to vote on, such as dual unionism and "insurrection." "Not industrial but dual unionism is the issue," Green repeated frantically. That is untrue, and he knows it. To be sure, industrial unionism is ultimately bound to displace craft-separatism; and to that degree the C. I. O. is dual unionist. It represents the living, organic forces of our working class against the dead hand of Gompers, Green, Woll, and Company. But this duality was forced by the intransigence of the A. F. of L. oligarchy. In this fight the only issue was and is industrial unionism. The only "insurrection" the Executive Council faced was the rebellion of American labor against the racket of the Old Guard which would keep it divided for the sake of their own jobs.

From now on the Executive Council will be forced to play ever more and more the tragic role of strike-breaker. It will probably issue charters to quack paper organizations, such as the Progressive Miners in Illinois, to organize fake unions in steel, in clothing, oil, textile, rubber, and in all the other trades which are part of the C. I. O. By their vote the A. F. of L. bureaucrats have made the A. F. of L. a force only for dual unionism, both in intention and in effect. The authentic unions will be in the C. I. O., for American labor cannot live without reforming itself into industrial unionism.

Men do not betray a social movement, which in their youth they had entered with some ideals, without giving reasons. And the reasons at this farcical trial which dismembered the A. F. of L. were given by John P. Frey, who acted both as complainant and prosecutor. Frey is known as "the scholar" among the labor bureaucrats. He is as much of a scholar as a Kentucky colonel is a military expert. Incapable of the least theoretical conception, pompous, verbose, empty, and reactionary beyond belief, he was for many years the scholastic stooge for the late Sam Gompers. His "scholarship" consists in pedantic devotion to pure and simple trade unionism. Now he is the spiritual medium for Gompers's ghost. He hates Lewis with poisonous vindictiveness, which is characteristic of the Old Guard, for Lewis is the first powerful leader who has seriously endangered their sinecures. Frey is the chairman of the Metal Trades Department in the A. F. of L., one of half a dozen bureaus whose sole function it has been for years to mediate away any amalgamating tendencies in the metal trades.

Frey is the theoretical executor of Gompers's "philosophy of labor," which was that labor should have no phi-

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losophy at all. This ideological gem Gompers bequeathed to the A. F. of L. oligarchy, and ever since his death these doctors of "jurisdictional disputes" among the craft unions have cherished this heritage, untarnished and undimmed by a new idea. A new idea is heretical to the doctrine that simple-mindedness is the best policy for a labor movement.

Now the reason for this worship of pure and simple trade unionism is equally pure and simple. No one in American life is more devoutly petty middle class than the typical labor bureaucrat. His union is to him his business enterprise; and since he is a strict craft unionist, it is small business enterprise. Indeed, it is called business-unionism. He has, or tries to have, a corner on the market of a skilled trade. He controls, if he can, this market through union recognition. And he sells the labor in which he deals at the highest possible price through collective bargaining. He has two customers: he sells labor power to the boss and he sells protection from the boss to his membership. And since of his two customers the employer is the stronger, the protection he sells is necessarily limited. It is "pure and simple" labor-barter.

It is this conception of labor that the Greens and Freys and Wolls are fighting for. They have no philosophy of labor for precisely the same reason that the corner grocer has no philosophy of big business enterprise. The corner grocer hates the A. and P. for exactly the same reason that the craft-union bureaucrat hates the industrial union. For the industrial union is a trust of all the workers in each industry, which can protect their human rights and guide them in their daily struggles infinitely more effectively than the craft union. Also, like the corner grocer, the craft-union bureaucrat is against all government "interference." But with a difference. While the corner grocer yells for government protection from Big Business, the A. F. of L. wants no government interference in any form. It is all for what it chooses to call the "economic action" of organized labor. And next to his dread of industrial unionism the craft-union leader's greatest fear is of social legislation. For nothing shows up the social ineffectiveness of the old-line labor leader as glaringly as labor legislation. For this reason the A. F. of L. has maintained in Washington and in the various state capitals legislative agents whose sole function it has been to prevent labor legislation. There is not a single law for the protection of labor, including even the various workmen's-compensation acts, which the A. F. of L. has not fought tooth and nail, at least in the beginning. Social legislation, no matter how ineffective, leads to mass enlightenment. In conjunction with government regulation of industry, it points toward social planning, no matter how contradictory such planning may be under capitalist institutions. All of which brings out the futility of craft separatism and the parasitic nature of its leadership. No wonder, then, that the labor oligarchy hates Lewis with a venom which defies description. "I would rather see the whole labor movement go under and myself in hell, than have that —— get away with it," raged Arthur Wharton, president of the machinists and vice president of the A. F. of L.; and he applied the same epithet to me when I expressed myself for Lewis. The bureaucrats feel about Lewis as the Hungarian fascists feel about Count Karolyi or as our so-called upper classes feel about Roosevelt. They feel that Lewis was one of them and then betrayed them. He is for social legislation; he is for government "interference" in industry; he is for industrial unionism. He is against everything that is dear to their hearts.

II

In last week's *Nation* I tried to trace the growth in the leadership of John Lewis throughout the 1920's; how he gradually came to realize that in an anarchic industry even victorious strikes accomplish little, if anything; and how he therefore came to believe in the stabilization of the coal industry through government regulation. In the rest of this article I will try to show how he developed further, forced toward an ever more progressive attitude by circumstances and his gift of realism. He finally came to believe that not only coal but the whole of industry must be stabilized; that such stabilization cannot be accomplished by industry voluntarily without deteriorating into mere monopolistic price-fixing; that government regulation of industry breaks down without a powerful labor movement to back it; and that labor cannot acquire significant power, with which to face finance-capital, without reforming itself into industrial unionism.

The Davis-Kelley bill, introduced in both houses in 1932, already clearly revealed this point of view. It was designed to stabilize coal production. It guaranteed to labor the right to organize in authentic as against company unions; and it made it mandatory on the government to license and impose minimal conditions on interstate coal corporations. Needless to say, the Hoover Administration got the bill shelved.

It was during the last year of the disastrous Hoover regime that Lewis concluded that what was wrong with coal was wrong with all industry. And on February 17, 1933, he appeared before the Senate Committee on Finance advocating a program of industrial stabilization for our entire productive mechanism. He came out for the suspension of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, but also for iron-clad guaranties to labor. In essence these proposals, together with the ideas which grew out of the discussion of the Davis-Kelley bill, resulted in the formulation of the NIRA. The whole conception of the NIRA was originally worked out by John L. Lewis with the able assistance of W. Jett Lauck, who for years has been acting as his economic advisor. Soon after President Roosevelt assumed office, he asked Raymond Moley and James P. Warburg to get together responsible spokesmen of labor, finance, and industry for the purpose of developing some such recovery legislation as the NIRA. The recommendations of John Lewis before the Senate Committee on Finance were adopted in essence. The licensing feature which Lewis had advocated in the Davis-Kelley bill became, under the NIRA, a congeries of codes of fair competition. The labor guaranties of the Davis-Kelley bill became the famous Section 7-a. Later on, Lewis wrote what became known as the Guffey-Snyder bill for the stabilization of the coal industry. This bill definitely recognized coal as an industry af-

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fected with a national public interest. It established a National Bituminous Coal Commission with real powers of regulation over both price-fixing and the allotment of production. And it established a Coal Labor Board to settle disputes between the operators and the United Mine Workers. Both the NIRA and the Guffey-Snyder bill were finally declared unconstitutional. And when they were, Lewis decided that it was time for labor to organize not only its industrial but also its political strength.

III

When the NIRA became law in June, 1933, John Lewis, William Green, Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and George L. Berry of the Printing Pressmen were appointed as the labor members of the Recovery Administration. Lewis immediately stepped into the opening and began a drive to organize the unorganized workers. In his own industry he did wonders. Between June and November, 1933, he almost doubled his membership. In fact, he organized the coal industry 98 per cent. By November he had over 400,000 dues-paying members. He pushed and fought and called a series of brilliantly executed strikes, and finally he had even Kentucky and West Virginia in the bag. Even the coal diggers in the so-called captive mines, which supply the steel industry directly and are owned by United States Steel, joined the union. Much of the same militant tactics proved effective in other industrial and semi-industrial unions, especially in the needle trades.

The old-line craft unions, on the other hand, broke down the moment the NRA started. Jurisdictional disputes broke out like a rash all over the country. Green quickly accepted General Johnson's special interpretation of Section 7-a for the automobile industry, which practically nullified labor's right to organize. In some instances, various crafts, for reasons of jurisdictional disputes, scabbed on one another in strikes. Green rushed about Washington, without the least idea what it was all about, worried only lest some workers be misled into industrial unionism. Indeed he sabotaged all organizing efforts, issuing under-cover orders to his organizers to slow down. Under such circumstances it was obviously impossible for labor, even though it had the law on its side, to oppose the Weirs and the Sloans and the other great industrialists, who insisted that Section 7-a permitted the organization of company unions, though the law expressly forbade it.

It was then that John Lewis determined that craft separatism must go. He came to feel that no amount of government regulation could really stabilize industry, except as a price-fixing mechanism, without a strong labor-movement. It is for this reason that he took up the fight for industrial unionism in the A. F. of L. conventions in San Francisco and Atlantic City; that he organized the C. I. O.; that he is now tackling with real militancy the problem of organizing the basic industries; that he is the leader of a new labor movement worth fighting for.

IV

Pure and simple trade unionism has no philosophy of labor, of society, of government, of politics. It has no social strategy because it believes only in immediate tactics. It lives from hand to mouth. It wants union recognition so that it may fight for more wages, fewer hours, and better conditions on the job itself. Beyond that, it wants nothing. Hence the A. F. of L. was always politically "non-partisan." It "punished its enemies and rewarded its friends." The idea of labor-partisanship is to the old-line craft unionist almost revolutionary. Even in 1924, when Gompers had to endorse the elder La Follette as against the strike-breaking Coolidge and the Morgan lawyer John W. Davis, he reiterated time and again that La Follette was labor's "non-partisan" choice. Labor-partisanship might lead to a labor party, and nothing could be more painful to the petty middle-class soul of the standard labor-faker.

Industrial unionism is not merely another structural organization of labor. It presupposes a conception of society as a whole. It believes in the stabilization of industry, for example. It welcomes the idea of social legislation and social security. It has an intense interest in government regulation and the nature of the state. In short, industrial unionism cannot function without a progressive attitude on life, for every reactionary force threatens its advance. Hence industrial unionism inevitably leads to political action.

Through the 1920's Lewis was a Republican. Today he is a Democrat. But he is not a Democrat in the sense of having merely shifted from one old party to another. He has committed his union not so much for Roosevelt as against Landon, Hearst, the Liberty League, and all the other reactionary forces that the Republicans represent in this campaign. He has formed Labor's Non-Partisan League for Roosevelt not for reasons of non-partisanship in the old craft-union sense, nor as part of the Democratic Party. He is leading in the political awakening of our conservative labor masses, who have never before formed a labor bloc. And his Non-Partisan League is intended to survive the national election. Lewis owes no personal loyalty to Roosevelt. He is above all for labor, and the drive for industrial unionism makes it of paramount importance that Landon, who represents Big Industry and nothing else, be defeated. But should Roosevelt, in case he is re-elected, move to the right, as he probably will, there is every reason to expect that Lewis will be the leader in the formation of a labor party, which for once will have a real chance to play a role in our national life. For there is little doubt that the La Follettes, Olson, and other progressive leaders would gladly join a real farmer-labor party.

Today John Lewis knows that only industrial unionism can create a united and militant labor movement. And there is little doubt that the very drive for industrial unionism will show him that labor needs a political party in order to go forward. It seems to me that in the second half of this decade the most significant leader in American society will be John Lewis—unless we get fascism. And that "unless" is the main reason why American labor must learn and move very fast.

(This is the last of three consecutive articles by Mr. Stolberg on John L. Lewis.)

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Resettlement by Trailer

BY ERNESTINE EVANS

A YEAR ago, a trailer was a trailer, cluttering up the roadway, a trailer and nothing more; something the British called "a caravan," pleasant for Dorothy and Sinclair to have taken their honeymoon in. Mr. B——, I knew, now a prominent New Dealer, had bought one once and paid a six months round of visits to his cottage friends in a spell of leisured unemployment.

Motor-boat life I really knew something about and liked. Trailers seemed a dusty substitute, with the water left out. Wrong. Trailers are no longer a casual phenomenon, something to be tripped over. They meet you from every direction. The trailer industry is the fastest growing industry in the country. It has moved into mass production. It is the liveliest of the new handicraft operations. Half the trailers I have seen were made in the backyards and basements of the mechanics who have since moved into them. The trailer warrants a monthly department in that estimable journal, the *Auto-Body Builder and Painter;* it figures increasingly in applications for patent-rights; it rates a monthly of its own, *Trailer Travel,* published in Chicago. It is potentially what can be hitched to every one of the country's 33,000,000 motor cars, and what has already been hitched to a quarter of a million of them.

This morning I found a Covered Wagon (a standard make) parked in front of my apartment in down-town Manhattan; the other day the *Times* carried two columns about the six-ton trailer the New York Park Department bought to take a horticultural exhibit to the slum children in city playgrounds. And potentially, it is in trailers that a great many slum-families may escape from the tenements to wider, opener, cheaper spaces. It is this potentiality that strikes the imagination!

About three months ago March of Time set out to do a housing film. Last week they released a film on the trailer industry for the simple reason that all that isn't too expensive and too imaginary in prefabrication is being used here—the new materials, the patent heating units, the slick designs for use of space, drawn from the long history of ship-building, from the new railroad-trains, from airplane-construction. And so far, trailer-landlords are few and trailer-evictions even fewer. See March of Time.

I became "trailer-conscious" one day last July, after a completely addled bout with the files of Subsistence Homesteads which were being turned over to the Management Division of the Resettlement Administration. I didn't like the cost of the homesteads. There seemed to me no mass solution of either the problem of stranded populations or of decentralizing industry in building an earthly paradise for two hundred miners in a county where more than ten thousand were on the relief rolls. I didn't like the selection of "homesteaders," since called clients and occupants, from among those who were judged aseptic, not "trouble makers" and sure to pay rent (which left out those with casual wages, meaning most of the badly housed). It was Christian, of course, to build fine homes for the experimental handful of stranded unemployed. But like a Republican taxpayer, I sniffed at the cost of seducing a vacuum-cleaner assembly-plant into the highlands of West Virginia, when the transport of Mahomets to some other mountain seemed cheaper and more feasible generally.

It was at this point that I read a letter complaining of Subsistence Homesteads in the columns of the *New Republic.* It was from a man in Michigan, who thought a fraction of the government money going for timber, cinder-block, stone and brick houses, ought to be spent on experiments in prefabrication, in studying the thousand new building materials that chemistry and mass production have brought almost, not quite, to our doors. Almost, but not quite . . . the old-line craft building trades, the landlords, the banks, and our own sluggishness are all bunkers between.

Meanwhile million after million dollars went out in Resettlement housing projects. Not one cent for trailers. Or for mobile housing, as it was now called in those endless letters that went back and forth between Mr. Corwin Willson, of Flint, Michigan, and about fifty people who were interested in housing. I disagreed with him pretty constantly. He makes a very good case for the fact that the human race lived for thousands of years following the seasons and the food supply. I cared very little for the news that the Scythians had mud-houses on wheels, and that the letter B derives from the ground floor plan of their dwellings. I have rolled too much myself to admire rolling stones for their polished mosslessness. I yearned for the stable roof, and the tended oak.

What I did like about the Willson correspondence was the persistent, enthusiastic, violent insistence that the housing problem in this country is a housing problem of the bottom layer. The rest of the population will find a way, if only the whole attention of every housing schemer and benefactor is laid on the people who make less than $1,200 a year. If one thinks in terms of an industrial population subject to cyclic unemployment, and abandonment; in terms of tenants on other men's land; and in terms of the 33,000,000 automobiles which are the outstanding characteristic of America today, movable houses seem inevitable.

They could be cheaper, cheaper than anything yet dreamed of. It is the "used trailer" market which will follow mass production that will make escape from bad shelter possible to millions. A sharecropper who could move his twenty-five-dollar bunk-house, as ample in di-

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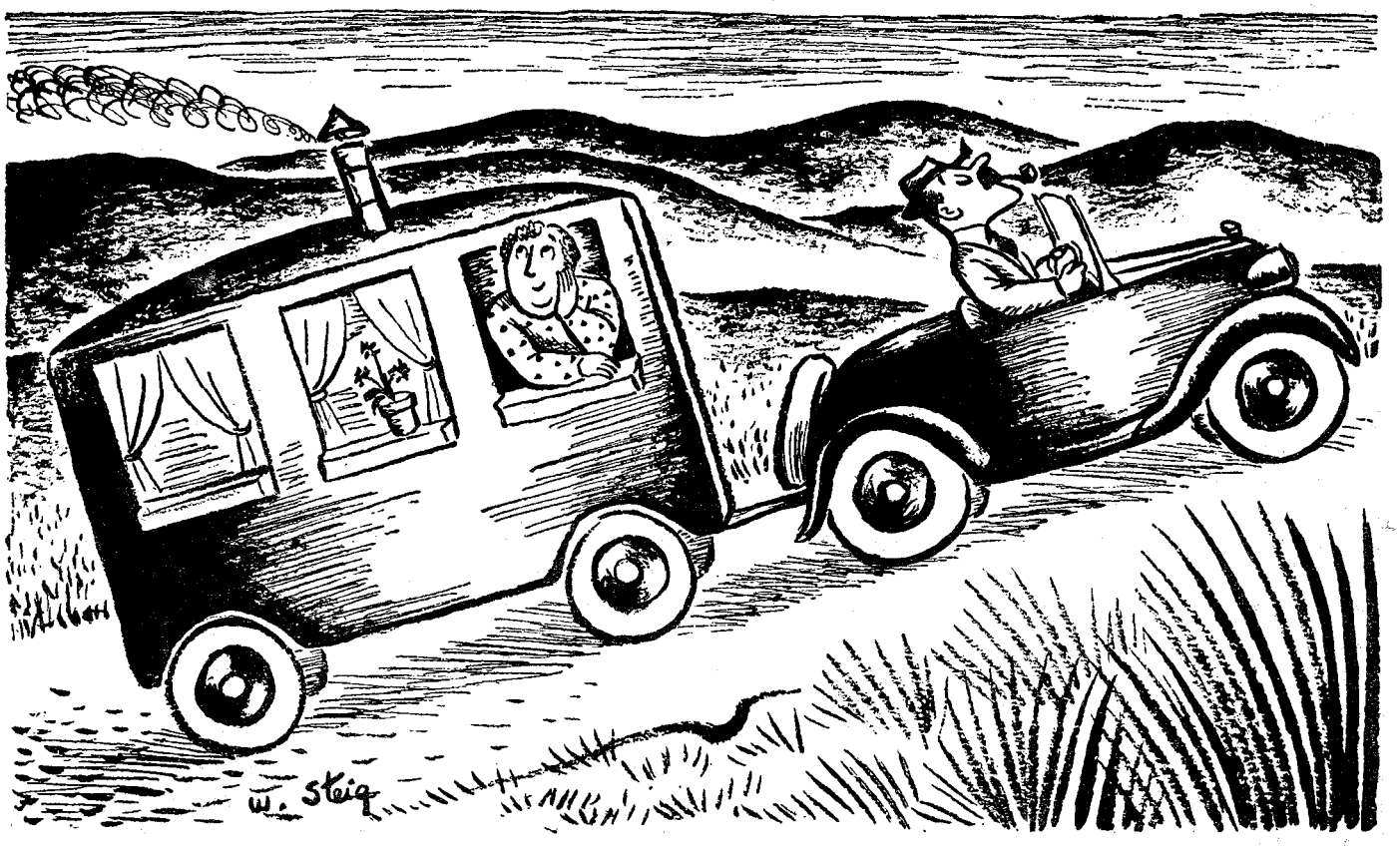
mensions as many of the landlords' cabins, is another fellow than the one who fights wage scales and eviction today. The stranded population that can be moved, floor, roof, walls and all, to another job, or at worst to the place where the vegetables are cheap, isn't stranded.

The picture is cheerful; and it is also a little appalling. A whole nation on the move, after the job, after the sun!

The very rich, the Brooklyn bourgeoisie, the criminal classes have long been on the move, taking Palm Beach and Miami in their stride. And how pleasant the sun is at Sarasota! Last winter eleven hundred trailers, house-cars, retreat from the drought something other than the nightmare of miserable refugeeing it has been to thousands of families.

Why the government in general, and the Resettlement Administration in particular, has been so slow to experiment with trailer-houses I do not know. There are 150,000 migatory workers on the West Coast, the stoop-labor that bends over the lettuce and the peas, and reaches for the oranges. They live wretchedly. True, Resettlement has built two camps for them with community utilities. But when so many of the workers themselves were desperately trying to house themselves in makeshift trailers, got to-



call them what you will, were anchored on lots at four dollars rental per month in Sarasota's municipal trailer park, equipped with electric light, telephone, plumbing, a community laundry, a social room and dance building, and a handy canteen. Late in the season when I visited the park, two hundred cars were still parked there. Most of the trailer-owners were past middle age, with savings or pensions. But it cost few of them more than fifty dollars a month for two people to live, in the sun. The wife of a retired member of the Detroit Fire Department described to me how she had four children, all married, and a fair sized house in the city. "We went one summer to Mackinaw in a trailer. For my asthma. We liked it so well, I gave our house to my daughter and got free. That was four years ago."

"And got free"—that is the burden of the trailer dweller's song. Free of the city, free of the rents, free of the taxes, free of the cold, or the heat, or the rain. And a plentiful supply of trailers might have made the great

gether from materials found on the Marysville dump, badly constructed and often too heavy for their ancient tin lizzies to haul, it seems a pity that neither Rural Resettlement nor Special Skills divisions of RA have actually put on the payroll an instructor to help these people use new materials, or master the tricks of coupling, water-proofing, and so on. Oil painters, mural painters, weavers, instructors in the dulcimer and the piccolo, have been worthy of public recompense, photographers have taken pictures of the misery, snaps of the sheep-herders' wagons, but no mechanic has been hired to tutor the handwrought rolling-house builders; and no housing projects of trailers has been invested in.

They will be, of course. Trailers are part of the boom (temporary or otherwise).

I have made notes on the young married couples (a new trend away from the old with pensions) who have made their own colony on a Chicago lot, and started what might have been slum-housekeeping, as a great adventure. I file

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the candid camera-shots of houses, government-built and otherwise, floating off down rivers that flood every year. Don't tell me lots of those farmers might not have liked being experimented on in Kozy-coaches, Aerocars, or Nomads. Three mobile dental clinics serve the Indian Reservations, the Coast-guard and Light-house service. Take dentists off the relief rolls, and send them to rural counties where the food is cheap, in the same blithe fashion. "Miss Couch complains of Floating Democrats," a headline reads. But it did not record my hasty vision of something the New Deal might have done to resettle voters in doubtful states. Ah, if Passamaquoddy had only spent more money on snug little Aladdins (made in Bay City), or Royal Coaches (made in Sturgis)! Bartow, Florida, has a municipal camp that turned in a profit of $400 to the town treasury. Has Kansas or Landon done better than that? Rural Electrification has daily inquiries on utilities-couplings for towns in the woods. Kropotkin's "Fields, Farms, and Factories" has always been my favorite book on subsistence homes, but I see now that only on wheels can the old life stand still, old craftsmen swing around to the garden spots.

The trailers are coming! But in passing I also observe that the latest Russian film celebrates the taming of the gypsies, all, so they say, happily nailed down on the big kolkhozes. It is round and round in both directions.

Italy Challenges Britain

BY ALBERT VITON

Jerusalem, July 8

THE most important aspect of Il Duce's recent *coup de théâtre* in Ethiopia is that, without firing a single round of ammunition, he defeated the greatest imperial and naval power of the world. At least, such is the view of the colonial peoples. An important Egyptian diplomat said to me a few weeks ago: "Mussolini's genius consists not in recasting Italy, not even in defeating Ethiopia, but in the fact that he is not taken in by tradition. English supremacy has been a tradition for centuries: we all believed in it. Then came Mussolini and with one stroke dispelled the illusion. He has taught us much." A statistical analysis of the Arabic press of the last eight months, I doubt not, would show that the greatest number of articles were written on The Decline and Fall of the British Empire. Even in the Zionist movement a very important group is already turning to Mussolini.

If only to recapture lost prestige in its colonial possessions England must win a war. But that is not the sole reason. The conquest of Ethiopia has only whetted Mussolini's appetite. Both to England and to Italy control of the Mediterranean is important more as a means than as an end in itself. A member of the Supreme Arab Strike Committee said to me a few days before he was incarcerated in the Sarafand concentration camp: "India will be liberated right here." Then after a few minutes reflection he added, "Or be enslaved by a new master—if the new master succeeds in his efforts to enslave us."

The Mediterranean has again become what it was in the Middle Ages, the center of the world. Developments in air transportation since the World War have greatly enhanced its importance. The air route from France and England to the Far East and India is over the Mediterranean; within the next few months there will be a parallel Italian route. Those observers of the international drama who behold it from the eastern shores of the Mediterranean are convinced that much that happens on the main stage cannot be understood without knowledge of what is happening in this side-show. The hand-shaking between England and Italy in Geneva should deceive nobody. England's readiness to abolish sanctions is due to the very same reason which prompted Sir Samuel Hoare to accept the Laval compromise months ago—to wit, stoic acceptance of an unpleasant solution which was the inevitable result of the run-down state of the imperial defenses. But English imperialism, which is said to be "satiated," will fight to maintain its bulk. Meanwhile Italian fascism is lean and hungry. The paths of the two have crossed again in Geneva, and at Lake Tsana; they have tipped their hats to one another—and gone their ways to prepare for *Der Tag*.

For the last two years Italy has been making extensive preparations in the Arab world for the inevitable struggle for power. A huge net of Italian schools extends from Tripoli to the border of Turkey and from the Mediterranean to the Arabian Sea; it has been woven by Mussolini's agents, often in cooperation with the Vatican. Their pupils are taught that Mussolini is the savior of the world, and their ideas cannot be distinguished from those of the Italian fascist youth whose uniforms they wear. Every year a few thousand Arab boys are taken to Italy for two months military training. The innumerable Italian hospitals in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and especially the one in Amman, the capital of Trans-Jordania, are active centers of propaganda. The doctors, Italian or Italian-trained, speak to the patients not only about their illnesses, but about matters not usually falling within the province of medical practice.

Although neither Italian money nor Italian agents are factors in the present disturbances in Palestine—of this I am reasonably certain—that, no doubt, is due to the obvious fact that there is enough fuel to keep the Palestine pot boiling without Italy's bothering to add more. A relentless pro-Italian campaign is of course still being carried on. Last week, Arabs tell me, the Arabic-speaking news-announcer at Bari, in announcing that Arabic has

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been made one of the official languages of Ethiopia, waxed eloquent over the traditional friendship of "Moslem Italy" for the Arabs. But Italy is not fomenting trouble now as it did last winter. Then, Caro, the young secretary of the consulate in Jerusalem, paid good pounds to many an Arab for doing a bit of stirring up in the villages; and when an illegal shipment of some $150,000 worth of ammunition was likely to cause an Arab riot, the Bari news announcer was more inciting than the Arabic press itself.

It is in Egypt, however, that Italy has been particularly active. Most of the violently anti-British Egyptian papers are either owned by Italians or heavily subsidized, and there is indisputable proof that not only did Italy amply finance the last riots in Cairo, but that many of the most violent anti-British agitators receive regular pay from the Italian consulate. Nahas Pasha, the Egyptian premier, recently informed Parliament that a powerful youth organization now calling for a resumption of violence exists by virtue of Italian funds. The chairman of the Arab delegation in Geneva, Sakhib Arslon, admits receiving money from Mussolini, and has publicly promised to continue using Italian funds because every enemy of England is *ipso facto* a friend of the Arabs.

Italian propagandists are using both the mails and the air. Tens of thousands of Arabs have received post cards from the *Ente Italiano Audizioni Radiofonische* in Rome informing them that "The daily transmission for the Near and Far East is heard in Palestine from 4 to 5.30 p.m." The postmen deliver tons of printed matter in half a dozen languages to inumerable Arab households. During the Ethiopian war most of the propaganda was aimed at whitewashing Italy and exposing England's hypocrisy; since the end of the war Mussolini has been wooing the Arabs by telling them how much he loves them and how ready he is to help them. To eradicate the bitter memories of its terror in Libya, during which the nationalist leader Omal al-Mukhtar was executed, Rome is now sending gratis two Arabic journals from Libya to thousands of Arab households. The last issue of the *Illustrated Libya* opens with an editorial about a school for higher Moslem learning built by Balbo. "The opening of the school," the propagandist writes in wretched Arabic, "shows that the policy of the Fascist Government is not only to respect the religion of its Moslem citizens, but to provide for them every means for scholarship. And this policy is followed by the Fascist Government not only in Libya, but in all its colonial possessions." The issue, excellently illustrated, contains articles on The Flourishing Cities of Libya Under Fascism, Italy and the Education of Libyan Women, Mussolini's Rome, Italy and Islam, and the like. The other Arabic publication, the *Barca Post,* does no worse. The whole first page of the last issue to reach Palestine is taken up with a speech by Mussolini; on the second page is an impartial account of the Ethiopian war; the third page is graced with a photo of a Libyan orphanage which carries the inscription, Deeds of Civilization in Libya; on the fourth is a speech by Grandi and the picture of A Mosque in Libya Built by the Fascist Government.

Even the Vatican has harnessed itself to Mussolini's war chariot. The Pope's Italian representatives here have been so faithful to the Palazzo Chigi that an open split has developed between the Italian dignitaries and the French missionaries who watch with misgiving this subservience of the church to the state. In the Holy City, for example, the Italian Patriarch has threatened with ex-communication every Catholic daring to enter the Y.M.C.A., because in his opinion it is a Protestant missionary organization, and an English propaganda institution to boot. But this edict does not prevent the French head of the local Franciscan College from continuing to be, secretly of course, on the best terms with the Y.M.C.A. Even more glaring has been the conflict at Amman, where La Raux, the representative of the Society of Jesus, openly accused the papal representative, Gini, of being an agent of Mussolini's foreign office and of carrying on pro-Italian propaganda in the schools. Gini retaliated, and there was a merry fight over the accusation.

Italy is preparing for the conflict in the Near East in more direct ways, too. When there was talk a few months ago of England's readiness to steam out of the Mediterranean if Italy would reduce her Libyan forces, she agreed to reduce her garrison from three to two divisions. Then the matter was dropped. Now it turns out that Italy's Libyan forces, far from having been reduced, have been increased by three divisions and now number no less than 100,000 men. Even more important is its fortification of Pantelleria Island. Lying about seventy miles south of Sciacca, Sicily, and a stone's throw from the coast of Tunis, Pantellaria divides the Mediterranean in two and dominates it. All ships to the eastern Mediterranean have to pass this island within convenient firing distance, and Malta is only 130 miles away. The defenses of Rhodes are also being rebuilt.

The rapid and decisive victory of the Fascist legions in Ethiopia has rudely awakened England to the seriousness of the situation. When I arrived in Alexandria early in October, last year, every British officer I met told me that I was exaggerating the Italian menace. Even as late as January a high British officer in Cairo told me, "Before they have a chance to reach Lake Tsana—which they never will —we will be in Rome." Hastily concocted military plans and a sudden anxiety to win the friendship of the Arabs has now displaced this light-headed, genuinely British optimism.

The last few months have seen a complete change in England's naval policy. Instead of being kept at Gibraltar, the navy is now being concentrated within the Mediterranean. It is divided into two distinct fleets. One is kept in Alexandria to protect the water route to India and Egypt. The other is being concentrated at Haifa to defend the ends of the Iraq oil-pipe line and the new Far Eastern air route over Palestine which displaces the old route over defenseless Malta. The harbor of Haifa will soon be enlarged to accommodate at least twelve men-of-war and an equal number of merchant vessels, and plans have been drawn up for building an oil refinery to provide fuel for the navy.

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Land defenses are also being hastily strengthened. During a trip into the interior of Egypt, I encountered everywhere, but especially along the coast of the Red Sea, reconnaissance planes and newly formed military stations. Heavy artillery and anti-aircraft guns are being posted on the mountains around Sollum; Nersa Matruh is being fortified, and everywhere new military roads are in process of construction. A new desert highway is being built between Alexandria and Cairo, to pass through the center of the Egyptian chemical industry, Wadi Natrum. Between 1,200 and 1,500 fighting planes have recently arrived; the British garrison is being augmented almost every week, and new regiments of native troops are being raised. A huge airdrome is in process of construction outside of Haifa, and smaller ones near Gaza, Jerusalem, and other strategic points. The Carmel Mountain, towering majestically above the important harbor of Haifa, will soon be a ridge of concrete artillery bases. Recalling the difficulties they had here during the World War because of the absence of good means of communication, the British are speedily building roads and telephone lines. Work will soon start on a Haifa-Bagdad road and another to Akaba, the all-important port on the Red Sea. At the end of last winter Jerusalem was for the first time linked with Bagdad by a telephone line which in the near future will be extended along the Red Sea to Arabia Saudia.

While strengthening the defenses of the countries without national military machines, Britain is at the same time encouraging the so-called independent Arab states to build up their defenses. None too eager in the past to see a strong Egyptian army, it has now of necessity abandoned this prejudice. The Egyptian press is carrying on a government-inspired campaign to induce the fellaheen to join the British-equipped, British-officered army; and it offers to those unable to join the sound advice that they invest their last two pounds in good, solid gas masks. At the urgent request of the British Residency, the Iraq Government has decided to substitute a conscript army for its professional force of 3,000; and six airplanes with a large supply of all sorts of guns have been placed at its disposal—as well as British officers.

In order to counteract Italian propaganda and to win for the coming war some of the Arab support she had in the last, England is now trying to arrive at a *modus vivendi* with the Arabs. Although her post-war policy was to Balkanize the Near East, she now sees that a pan-Arab federation would serve as a solid front against Italy. A federated Arabia will eliminate the inter-tribal wars which Britain has viewed complacently till now and thus prevent Italy from gaining a foothold on this side of the Mediterranean by championing one Arab state against the other. And internal peace will leave the Arab rulers free to yoke their military horses to the British war chariot.

The concessions to Arab nationalist movements implied in this policy are evident everywhere. In Egypt there is every indication that the price of "neutrality" and freedom of military action will be a final renunciation of the Capitulations and an almost entire cessation of interference in Egyptian internal affairs. In Iraq the last vestiges of British authority in civil administrations are disappearing. In Trans-Jordania Britain has at last conceded the demands of the nationalists that the Zionists be kept out and has announced a law prohibiting the sale of land to Jews. The promulgation of that law will be not only a conciliatory gesture toward Trans-Jordanian nationalists but a manifesto of its new policy for the whole Arab world.

In Palestine, however the situation is not so simple. While most of the high officials in the Palestine administration and the people in the Colonial Office in London favor a clear Arab policy, here, too, public pressure and Zionist control of Parliament have forced them to go slow. Nevertheless the last six months have seen even here a change of policy which would have been more pronounced had the strike not interrupted it. The first gesture was a new land law which will make further acquisitions of land by the Zionists almost impossible. There can be no doubt that the Royal Commission will make even more significant concessions to the Arabs. Considerations of empire demand it although the Zionists argue that they are more reliable servants than the Arabs.

In carrying out this pan-Arab policy many conflicts, most of which Britain herself has created during eighteen years of divide-and-rule policy, must be removed. Boundary disputes among various states, which England has kept going for years, are speedily being settled; British agents like St. John Philby, Cox, Oliver, Peek Pasha, and Sir Andrew Ryan are again criss-crossing the deserts, handing out promises right and left. Where necessary, even British commercial and political interests are being sacrificed. In order to get Ibn Saud, the mighty Wahabi Lord of Arabia Saudia, to come to terms with Iraq, the British government has relinquished its claims on his valuable al-Hasa oil-fields, and many of the Persian Gulf Emirites, whose theoretical independence England jealously guarded for almost a century, will soon be handed over to him. A treaty between Arabia Saudia and Iraq was signed on April 1, and a few weeks ago another one was negotiated between Arabia Saudia and Egypt. Right now negotiations are in full swing for a more sweeping Four-Power Pact to include Iraq, Trans-Jordania, Yemen and Arabia Saudia. British agents are working in Teheran, Iran, and Istambul to draw these two important Mediterranean powers more effectively into the British orbit by inducing them to sign a non-aggression mutual-assistance pact with the signatories of the Four-Power Pact. With the conclusion of these alliances Italy will be more completely encircled in her own sea than ever Germany was on land. But while the unification of the Arab world will undoubtedly make Il Duce think twice before launching a *coup de théâtre* here, one wonders whether in her haste to ward off the Italian menace England is not creating a vastly greater menace. United Arabistan may turn a mighty sword against British as well as Italian imperialism. The feeling among the Arab masses is that all imperialisms are essentially alike, however different their outward appearance. England will some day be told with hot lead that she is not wanted here, and that day, I am convinced, is not so far away.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THERE is something extremely humorous, as well as entirely satisfactory, in the way that Negro Americans are carrying off all the honors in Berlin —up to the time this is written. Already it is clear that if the United States triumphs at the end of the games it will be because of the representatives of those Americans who in many states of the Union are disfranchised; who are segregated and discriminated against in many parts, and in all cities, of the Union. Their triumph is highly amusing because it has taken place in the presence of Adolf Hitler, the leader of spurious Aryanism, so that that noble champion of sports and of humanity was compelled to congratulate the German winners in his private room at the stadium in order not to have to shake hands with any of the dark victors from the United States. There are so many of these that a European wit is quoted as saying that he hopes there will be a couple of white men and girls on the American team in 1940.

Well, even at home these triumphs of the colored men ought to have their good effect. Nearly all of them are or have been university students; they have shown stamina, courage, good manners, self-control, loyalty to the team, and in the reports of the drinking that took place on the Manhattan on the voyage over there has been no intimation that any of the colored men were among the offenders, of whom Mrs. Jarrett was singled out for such exemplary punishment. As for their not being received by Adolf Hitler, I agree with Richards Vidmer of the *Herald Tribune* that it isn't at all likely they will be "either perturbed or petulant." I should think they would be rather relieved not to have to take the blood-stained paw of that monster to whose everlasting discredit is to be set down the killing of over 1,250 people in that single night of the blood-purge of June 30, 1934. But if he were the most estimable character, these colored gentlemen would still be above and beyond feeling hurt. We Americans have trained them too well for that with our own discrimination, our own slights, our own insults, which do not even spare their women, which often poison their childhood and youth, precisely as the Jewish children in Germany are tortured to their very souls by being told in their schools that they are inferior beasts, mere contact with whom is leprous. No; the colored gentlemen who represent the United States in Berlin will not come back with any heartaches or swelled heads, but with the solid satisfaction of having contributed to the national victory, if victory it should turn out to be. And if it should appear that that victory alone prevented the Germans from walking off with all the honors, the gods on the heavenly Olympus would certainly shake with Homeric laughter.

Perhaps the news of the victory may shame our Congress into passing that anti-lynching bill which it is allowing the Southerners to defeat year in and year out. Perhaps it will enable the President to receive and honor the colored victors in the White House where Mrs. Roosevelt recently did an extremely generous and fine thing in receiving the inmates of a Negro girl reformatory. Perhaps the government itself might undertake to abandon some of those discriminations against Negro civil servants for which the special dishonor belonged to William G. McAdoo and Woodrow Wilson. Perhaps the army might feel as if it could let down its caste bars and give a really square deal to the colored Americans. Perhaps West Point with its 1,800 cadets might find room for more than one Negro student and not subject those admitted to the brutal ostracism which has made life at West Point for Negroes who endured the ordeal call for greater strength, moral and physical, than was ever displayed at an Olympic.

One thing I must record with great satisfaction. In the South the reaction to these Negro successes will be far more generous and friendly than would have been the case a few years ago. I have seen some superb editorials from Southern editors' pens ridiculing or denouncing that Senator from South Carolina who walked out of the Philadelphia convention of the Democratic Party because a Negro clergyman pronounced the blessing. The foremost of these commentators was a Richmond editor, and a reader of *The Nation* has written in to urge that *The Nation* ascertain his name and put him on its Honor Roll for 1936. I think it should be done, but there will be a number of the newer generation of Southern journalists who will be ready to welcome these Negroes and publicly honor them, as, for example, that admirable son of Josephus Daniels, Jonathan Daniels, who now conducts the Raleigh (North Carolina) *News and Observer*. I do not wish to be unduly optimistic, especially as long as lynching continues, but I think we have gone a long distance from the days when the whole South roared in outrage because Theodore Roosevelt invited the most distinguished Negro of his time, Booker T. Washington, to luncheon at the White House. Indeed, we have gone far from that spirit which led some Southerners of the basest type to kill Negro soldiers returning from France in order to "teach them their place" because they had been associating so freely with Frenchmen—and women.

There is nothing more wonderful in all the United States than the patient endurance of wrong, injustice, and oppression by the Negroes—too patient by far. But in spite of it they are steadily coming to the front with their great singers, great actors, writers, and poets. And now they win the greatest honors at the Olympics—to share them with us white Americans!

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BROUN'S PAGE

PERSONS who commute from Stamford, Connecticut, would do well to watch out for a large ambling man, somewhat resembling the late Gilbert K. Chesterton, who may attempt to engage them in conversation. He operates in the club car of the 10.48 every morning except Sunday. He engaged my attention by saying that it looked like rain in spite of the heavy storm of the night before. Then he leaned forward and with very considerable emotion said, "Have a cigar!"

Before I could inform him that I never smoke he started to talk in a low and hurried voice. "My experience of last night," he began, "was so harrowing and dreadful that I must tell someone. Please bear with me. I will be brief. I must be brief. I was invited to spend a week-end with a business friend of mine named Bruce. Just before dinner we began playing contract. My partner was a man named Samuel Jabey. I had never seen him before. I will never see him again. His appearance need not concern us, although he was a little under average stature and had reddish hair. It was his conduct which was curious. As the thunder storm swept closer and closer he grew visibly excited. It was not fright but an eagerness. He kept shifting around like a small boy waiting for the curtain to go up on a burlesque show. Once Bruce spoke to him and said, 'Please, Sam, let's skip the usual performance.' My partner paid no attention and when a bolt struck near the house Jabey suddenly leaped to his feet and ran into a closet at the end of the room. He came out with a heavy, steel-shafted, mashie niblick. He held it over his head as if it had been an umbrella and darted out the front door.

"The fourth at bridge, an old gentleman named Col. Heineke, seemed to take everything in his stride and kept his seat. He was smoking a pipe. My host said, 'Howard, I owe you a thousand apologies but Sam is perfectly all right except when it storms. We can continue the game as soon as the storm abates and he comes back.'

" 'What's it all about?' I asked. 'I blame it on Dr. House,' he answered. 'Sam Jabey went to him as a nerve patient and House questioned him and found that Sam was violently afraid of thunder storms and had a deep dislike of his elder brother Louis, the stock broker. Try as he would Dr. House couldn't get Sam to admit that there was any association in his mind between Louis and lightning or the other way around. So the doctor decided to cure Sam of his fear of thunder storms. At his suggestion Sam Jabey took out one of those trick policies with Lloyd's. It only cost $500 and in the event that Sam is killed by lightning his estate is to receive half a million dollars. In other words, Lloyd's is betting a thousand to one on Sam against any bolt from the blue. In spite of the house percentage the thing worked well enough in the beginning. Instead of cowering under a bed Sam would josh back and forth while a storm was in progress. 'Come and get me,' he used to cry out, 'it will cost you half a million.'

" 'It was a little hysterical,' admitted Bruce, 'but not painfully so. His present behavior did not begin until the winter of 1930 when his brother Louis went bankrupt and his sister Mathilde died suddenly. I forgot to tell you that Sam loved his Mathilde as devotedly as he hated Louis.

" 'And with the death of his sister Sam's mind became possessed with a fantastic sort of vengeance which he wants to wreak on his bankrupt brother. He made out a new will. Jabey's entire life for the last six years has been devoted to the effort to get struck by lightning in order to get half a million dollars and not leave it to Louis. He has named the Metropolitan Museum of Art. I forget what it was that they quarreled about in the first place. I have a vague impression that it was a little slam in clubs.'

"As we were talking, a car drew up at the door with a screeching of brakes. Without knocking, a sturdy man, though temporarily white as a sheet, flung himself in and shouted, 'One of your guests, a certain Samuel Jabey, has just been struck dead. I thought you would want to know.'

"Bruce whistled, in horror not elation, and said, 'Killed by lightning just as he had hoped.'

" 'No,' answered the man at the door, 'he stepped in front of the Ajax truck as it was coming around a curve on a hurry call. He tripped over a golf club he was carrying.'

" 'The Ajax truck?' Bruce asked in some bewilderment.

" 'You know,' said the man, 'Al Graham's truck—the fellow that's got the Ajax lightning rod agency here and in Darien and Greenwich, for that matter. And I think they've just given him South Norwalk.'

"Strange wasn't it?" said my companion in the club car —the large man who looked something like the late Gilbert K. Chesterton.

"I should say it was strange," I told him. "It sounds exactly like one of those short shorts in *Collier's.*"

The big man gave me a mean look and walked right out of the club car, although we had only reached Portchester. I was startled by his abrupt departure and noticed that I still clutched in my hand a small black cigar. The Pullman conductor came by. "Do you smoke?" I asked him.

"Not that kind," he said smiling. "I see you've been talking to Howard Brown Campbell."

"What do you mean?"

"Mr. Campbell rides on this train from Stamford every morning except Sunday. He used to be a columnist, but now he has a job writing a short short story a day for one of the newspapers. He makes it a practice to engage some passenger in conversation and try out his plot. If it goes he has no further worry except to set it down on paper once he gets to his office. But if his fellow passenger seems skeptical then there's the rub. Brown realizes that his daily contribution is no good and that he must make up another story. How was he today?"

"Not up to his usual standard," I told the conductor.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE AMERICA OF JOHN DOS PASSOS

BY MAX LERNER

ONE'S impulse is to write about John Dos Passos as he has himself in his novel-trilogy written about other Americans who have been etched on our consciousness. That is to say, to write a prose-poem telling of those early impressionable days when he was carted around the world in the shelter of a well-to-do family, his dawdling at Harvard, his "one man's initiation" into the disenchantment of the war, his attempt to apply a novelist's scalpel to murder on an organized scale in "Three Soldiers" and to the entire anatomy of a diseased social system in the more firmly wrought novels that have followed. One would set down the contradictions of a sensitive (almost shy) personality, an acid intelligence, and a gusto for life which scoops up experience with both hands. Failing a prose-poem it is none the less worth saying that with "The Big Money"* Dos Passos emerges the most considerable and serious of our American writers.

His talent is expansive rather than concentrated. There is little of the creative frenzy about him. There is no tone of philosophic brooding about his books, and few of the flashing insights by which Malraux, for example, can distill a lifetime into a phrase. But there is a massiveness about Dos Passos' work, as about that of Dreiser or Lewis, that places it squarely in the path of our attention.

His aim has been to capture in three novels the whole spirit and movement of American life from the beginning of the century to the end of the boom period of the twenties. There is a central group of characters that runs through the whole trilogy. There are interlacing individual lives and destinies, but the central theme and destiny belong to America itself. The first book, "The 42d Parallel," shows America in a mood of nascent strength and recklessness, with business enterprise finding itself and expanding into new domains, with labor going through the adolescent crudeness of its I. W. W. phase on the one hand and its dreams of capital-labor cooperation on the other, with the whole complex of American life rushing into the World War. The second book, "1919," deals not with the war itself but with the fringes of it, for the author's concern is not with what happened to the cannon-fodder, but with the war as a phase of our culture. It is a study in individual rootlessness and group hysteria, and it is only at the end of the book that the magnificent lyric on the Unknown Soldier hurtles us back ironically into a consciousness of what price we had paid as a culture for the dalliance of our Eleanor Stoddards and our J. Ward Moorehouses and our Eveline Hutchinses in Paris. The last book, "The Big Money," deals with the sequel of the war in the period of boom capitalism in the twenties. It is the era of stock speculation, mushroom real estate values, advertising and marketing, paradise on the instalment plan, the flowering of junior vice-presidents. Dos Passos has caught unforgettably the flow of American life at its high point—just before the Ice Age of the depression set in. The three books together form as complete a record as we have in fiction of the crest of American capitalist culture. If America is ever destroyed by war or overwhelmed by fascist barbarism, later generations may dig up these books and read what manner of lives we led.

Dos Passos, as is well known, is not an anatomist of the individual but a historian of the collective mentality. What he seeks to build up always is the climate of opinion —the milieu of emotion, aspiration, and shibboleth in which individuals move. This is what gives unity to each of the books. In "The Big Money" the dominating mood is the feverish desire to be where the sluices of wealth are running free and strong. The principal characters—Charley Anderson, Mary French, Margo Dowling, and Richard Ellsworth Savage—are either possessed by this desire or have to reckon with it. Charley Anderson will be remembered as the western boy whose mother ran a railroad boarding house and who had roughed it about a good deal before going to war. He comes back restless but determined to get at the big money, turns his mechanical sense to aviation, grows wealthy, marries a banker's daughter. But although he boasts of being mechanically "the boy with the knowhow," the boys at the pecuniary end outsmart him; he is stripped of most of his money, and the only love and pleasure he gets are what he buys. His tragedy is the tragedy of the technician in a money age, and of fine impulses in a shoddy culture. In fact the whole character may be regarded as a footnote to Veblen's "The Engineers and the Price System." Dick Savage does, on the surface at least, a good deal better. Harvard-bred, he comes back from a soft berth behind the lines in France to become J. Ward Moorehouse's right-hand man in the publicity racket. He is cruelly drawn. His life, no less than Charley Anderson's, is stripped of any real satisfactions—a sacrifice to the Moloch of the big money. But while Charley Anderson in going to his ruin adds something at least to the industrial arts, Savage adds nothing except marvelous ideas for getting Bingham's Patent Medicines across to the country.

There is a similar contrast between Mary French and Margo Dowling. Mary, after a middle-class girlhood in Colorado, wanders into social work, meets up with some

*"The Big Money." By John Dos Passos. Harcourt Brace, and Company. $2.50.

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steel strikers, falls in love with a succession of radicals and near-radicals, and learns that love can be just as frustrate on the fringes of the revolutionary movement as anywhere else. But despite the frustration she does throw her energies into organizing work which may some day have meaning for America. Margo Dowling on the other hand throws hers into building the illusion of glamour on the screen. She is the ruthless career girl on whom the boom decade smiles most kindly. She learns how to sleep her way to success, and her path carries her to Charley Anderson's arms, to the Miami land boom, and finally across the country to Hollywood where her smooth heartless face makes her exactly the person for director Sam Margolies to exalt to stardom.

To portray the collective mood and the mass culture requires technical innovation in the novel. To my knowledge Dos Passos has never formulated a theory about it, as Jules Romains has done with his *unanisme*. But it is clear that he has in the realm of the novel-form what H. G. Wells has called in another connection the "skepticism of the instrument." He has played havoc with spelling and his punctuation has given the traditionalists among the critics some acute distress. More important, he has selected out of the stream of American living speech a new American language which for its vitality and usableness should delight Mr. Mencken. Most important, he has contrived a film technique for giving perspectives, close-ups, rapid sequences difficult for the orthodox narrative.

The problem was this. Here are people neither sensitive nor complex, living a good part of their lives not far from the level of animal behavior. Here is a culture shot through with complex currents and cross-currents of influence which touch the lives and destinies of even the simplest people. Experience is no longer the tidy unity it was once believed. How can the author catch up the splintered fragments of experience and hold them up to view while at the same time getting something like a total effect? The answer was a fourfold technique. The *narrative* of individual fictional lives is told in an unadorned hard-surfaced manner—a modern picaresque that gives the barest details of overt behavior. The *newsreel,* made up of newspaper headlines, speeches, popular songs, tries to depict the mass consciousness and furnishes a backdrop against which the individual lives are enacted. The *biography* deals with historical Americans who summed up and expressed in their lives the main forces of their day. Finally, the *camera eye* turns the searchlight of the author's own intense brooding gaze at the set of events being discussed: it is a chaotic flow of consciousness, strangely subjective and lyrical amidst the expanse of objectivity elsewhere in the book, warm and intimate with the remembered rush of personal incident. Mechanically used, these four devices may merely make the problem of communication so much more complex. Skilfully interwoven they may go to form a unity that does not simplify, and hence falsify, the reality. There is a good deal of both —mechanical and skilful—in the trilogy. But in the last book Dos Passos has written with a passion that welds his material together as never before. The improved cunning of his hand is governed by a real heat of the brain. This book is therefore easily the best of the whole series.

The America of John Dos Passos that is presented in these pages is not a lovely America. How could it be? Dos Passos is one of the few novelists writing today who are truly literate. He knows things. He knows the force of institutions and mass ideas, he knows by what impulsions people are moved, he knows what things are first things in a social system and what things are derivative, he knows the ways and the speech of common people. He is part of the America that he depicts, and he bestows upon the portrait that desperate tenderness that can only flow from love and solicitude turned into satire. His social analysis owes much to Marx, but essentially he is the Veblen of American fiction, sharing Veblen's rebelliousness, his restless questing mind, his hatred of the standardized middle class culture and of the leisure class aesthetic, his insight into American traits, his divided feeling about the underlying population. But beyond social analysis he has the qualities of the great novelist—tenderness, humanity, fertility. He is never at a loss to people his world, and already his world has come to have an existence of its own in the reader's mind, apart from the America it depicts.

One thing is certain—he will keep moving. His social beliefs are still fluid, his sense for innovation still has a sharp edge. But what will carry him farthest is his belief in American life. A sentence from one of his Camera Eyes (46) contains affirmation as well as irony: "I go home after a drink and a hot meal and . . . ponder the course of history and what leverage might pry the owners loose from power and bring back (I too Walt Whitman) our storybook democracy."

BOOKS

Prelude to Marxism

FROM HEGEL TO MARX. By Sidney Hook. A John Day Book. Reynal and Hitchcock. $4.

PROFESSOR HOOK has already won for himself a notable place as one of the three or four outstanding Marxist authorities of the time. This volume will add much to an already distinguished reputation. It is not merely that it unravels, with a sure command of the sources, the history of a complicated intellectual evolution. It is, even more, that it enables us to understand the pattern of events and ideas out of which the full Marxian doctrine emerged. We can never understand so well the import of a doctrine as when it is set in its full historical perspective. That Professor Hook has done with an enviable learning and (granted the difficulties of the theme) a remarkable clarity. At long last, the Anglo-American public has a book on the prelude to Marxism which deserves to rank with the best continental studies of the subject.

Professor Hook begins with a summary of the Hegelian doctrine which could hardly be bettered. There he passes in review the revolt against the master in which men like Strauss, Bauer, Ruge, Stirner, and Feuerbach were the protagonists. The value of his analysis is twofold. On the one hand, it enables us to see how the general environment of the time expressed, in all the

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varied realms of knowledge, its protest against doctrines which were the expression of an outworn political system; Professor Hook makes us see the unity of social and ideological forces in an admirable way. On the other hand, he has the great merit of making clear just how those forces led up to the shaping of the Marxian doctrine as their culmination. We recognize, in all its fulness, the ancestry of the idea. We see Marxism emerging, not only as a body of doctrine, but, as it were, a fighting method of which the purpose is to change the world as well as to interpret it. Theology, metaphysics, anthropology, history—all of them make their contribution.

The quality, I think, which distinguishes Marx from all his predecessors lies, above all, in his ability to recognize and unify the social implications of this very diverse material. He recognized what his predecessors only partially saw, that the purpose of interpretation is action, that ideas are instruments whereby man is made—or better, makes himself—the master of his destiny. That is the fundamental distinction between him and the left Hegelians. At some point they all shrank from taking that further step which transforms the word into the deed. Sometimes the cause of this limitation was, as with Bruno Bauer, largely the outcome of a defect of character. Sometimes, as with Strauss, it was born of a vision narrowed by the confinement of the material with which it dealt. Sometimes, as with Feuerbach, so much the greatest of those to whom Hegel gave birth, we have the perfect type of the intellectual sans phrase, who can analyze, but is unable to act. The outstanding eminence of Marx is that his learning was never learning merely; in the Socratic sense, it gave birth to an insight which compelled to a philosophy of life.

That is why, I think, the movement of which he was so magistrally the embodiment is rightly called by his name. What it was, it could hardly have been without these forerunners; what it was, also, it could not have been unless he had brought to its unification his formidable insight into the nature of social forces. He did what none of his predecessors seemed able to do: he transformed a body of scattered insights into a movement which was able to change the world because it understood that change is the proper outcome of understanding.

The reader of Professor Hook's illuminating survey will see this difference clearly if he reads the admirable commentary here given us of the famous theses on Feuerbach. They will, I think, lead him to a conclusion of great significance for our own time. For we too live in one of those epochs of critical transition not dissimilar to the generation after the close of the Napoleonic wars. Then, as now, changes in the relations of production were creating the need for vital adjustments in social values. Then, as now also, men were seeking liberation from an environment which seemed to all ardent spirits destructive of the hopes to which they felt entitled. Then, as now, the tactic of reaction was either wholesale repression or the concession of minor changes which left unchanged the fundamental pattern. The problem for the young Hegelians, as it is the problem for ourselves, was the discovery of a philosophy which brought theory and practice into an organic and creative relation. The outstanding value of Professor Hook's book is its careful and scholarly picture of how Marx achieved this nearly a century ago.

So far, at least, that task remains to be accomplished for ourselves. There is a confusion of cries on the battlefield. There is, as yet, no rallying point which gives unity of direction to the movement for a new synthesis. Our metaphysics is a monumental chaos; the social sciences have been betrayed into a passion for reconstructing normative principles. Religion has lost its confidence in theology and takes refuge, as in all epochs of fundamental crisis, in an anarchistic individualism built upon the validity of personal experience which refuses reason the opportunity of analysis. What is badly needed is a survey of the whole character of our age in terms of an explanation of the breakdown in its *Weltanschauung*. Unless we can attain this quickly we are, I believe, certain to witness the triumph of fascism all over the world. For the cause of that triumph lies always in the failure of those who feel the need to transform the world to produce a philosophy which gives their plea for action its full intellectual program. Professor Hook has here remarkably shown how the German movement performed the task a hundred years ago. An analysis of contemporary England and America in these terms would, I suggest, have lessons of abundant significance for ourselves. HAROLD J. LASKI

Spain in Revolt

THE OLIVE FIELD. By Ralph Bates. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THE inhabitants of Los Olivares, in Andalusia, were mostly workers in the olive groves of Don Fadrique, or tenants farming small plots of arid land on his estate. Though among them were anarchists and socialists, and a communist or two, the people as a whole were an unaspiring group, content to live from fiesta to fiesta under the ministrations of the priests of San Andrés—provided, of course, the land was fruitful enough, and the feudal economy stable enough, to sustain their customary way of life. This was in 1932.

But among the younger *oliveros*—many of whom had but recently been forced back on the land with the closing of the Puente Nuevo factories—there was a growing suspicion of the motives of the church, and of the connection between Father Soriano and Indalecio Argote, Don Fadrique's hated *mayordomo*. Old Father Martinez, of course, was harmless: he believed that the mule, ploughing shallow furrows, was the ruin of all Spain. But Soriano was less complacement: he spent his time delivering prolix sermons so subtle and intractable as to arouse resentment even among the pious; and when it was later found that he had conspired with Argote to have all workers fired who were suspected of political action, he earned the hatred of everyone.

During Holy Week the Passion of Christ was celebrated as if the church were still in favor, and disaster followed: the holy images were smashed and there was fighting in the streets, brought to an end finally by the appearance of the Civil Guard and the shooting of several citizens. Then a drought set in, endangering the olives and the tenants' crops. Caro and Mudarra, both anarchists, plotted to dynamite Don Fadrique's dam, but failed. A violent hailstorm added to the ruin of the crops, and when the workers were refused a wage increase they overran the olive fields in desperation, seizing Don Fadrique's fruit for themselves. But the Civil Guard arrived and its massacre of striking workers was enough to stun Los Olivares into passive acceptance of its doom. Meanwhile the Lerroux-Gil Robles reactionaries had gained control and Mudarra was imprisoned. Joaquín Caro, in disillusionment, migrated with his family to the mines of Asturias. Later he joined the communists and fought in the abortive miners' revolt of October, 1934. But the bloodshed then achieved one end: another leftward swing resulting in the Azaña government and the current phase of Spain's revolution.

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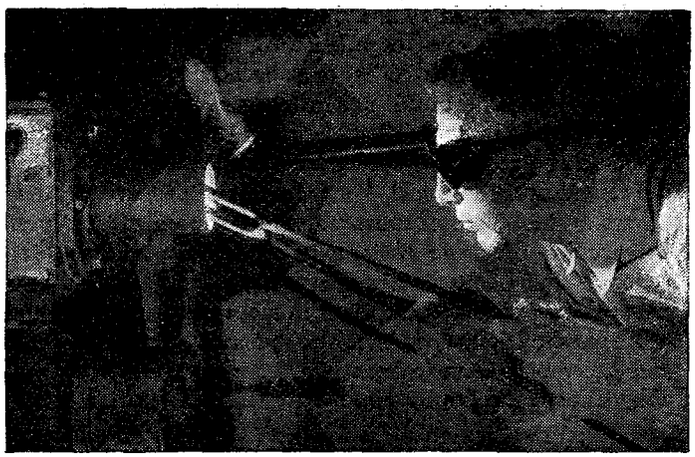

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less than fifty-one characters, and to have done this with even partial success, as Mr. Bates has done, is an achievement deserving wholehearted praise. Though according to the publishers English critics have likened the book to Tolstoy's "War And Peace," such a comparison is patently absurd. "The Olive Field" is a novel on a vastly different and smaller scale; it is neither profound nor philosophical; it is a tactical narrative of the attempts of the Spanish people to create order out of economic chaos, and to attain the individual security which Spain has lacked for centuries.

If the traditional Spaniards in the book—Don Fadrique, the priests, Argote—seem more credible than the revolutionary protagonists, it is not, I think, so much the author's fault as it is the effect of the blurring of moral values incident to any revolution. In both Mudarra and Caro there is a psychological stoppage of the peasant spirit; substituted for all that is traditionally Spanish in them is an obsessive mental drive compounded of fear and political method.

Though Mr. Bates's style occasionally lacks discrimination, and though his treatment of human masses is at times confusing, he has so skilfully superimposed his multiple plot on the setting of continuous events that, in retrospect, his faults seem not seriously to have marred his book's chief effect. For essentially "The Olive Field" is not a novel at all but a synthesis of Spain in revolt, a panorama of a people set in motion.

LEIGH WHITE

The Changing Drama

PLAYS OF CHANGING IRELAND. Edited by Curtis Canfield. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

CONTEMPORARY ONE-ACT PLAYS FROM NINE COUNTRIES. Edited by Percival Wilde. Little, Brown, and Company. $2.75.

"EVERY theater, no matter how advanced or modern it may be or how lofty its ideal in the matter of spreading light over the Art of the Theater, must at some time face the Scylla of preciosity and intellectual pretentiousness or the Charybdis of commercially successful mediocrity." With this heavy sentence Mr. Canfield introduces one of the liveliest of the plays he reprints, George Shiels's "New Gossoon." The only thing to do with an editor who writes such no-English as this is to skim rapidly over his introductions, noting the facts they contain and ignoring their wordy generalizations about Realism, Expressionism, and all the other capitalized categories dear to academic vocabularies, and enjoy the plays themselves.

For they are enjoyable, both for their matter and their manner, and for the way they point up differences between Yeats's generation and the younger Dublin group. Unfortunately, O'Casey, the chief Irish genius of the post-war period, is unrepresented—for some reason his masterpiece, "The Silver Tassie," could not be included—but in spite of this omission the collection is significant in its proof of the way the peculiar isolation of older Irish drama is breaking down under the pressure of international modern tendencies. In particular, Mary Manning's "Youth's the Season" and Rutherford Mayne's "Bridge Head" indicate very clearly that Dublin is showing the same signs of decadence and rebirth that we note in America and elsewhere. Miss Manning's unhappy young Bohemians might as well be living in London or New York as in Dublin; Mr. Mayne's self-sacrificing engineers, serving the state for the sake of a future they will never see, might as well be Russians building a Five-Year Plan or Americans in the Tennessee Valley. Local atmosphere and quaint Irish color are far less notice-

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able here than in the work of Yeats, Synge, and Lennox Robinson, for they are almost entirely subordinated to the central themes of decay and resurrection in the modern world.

In Mr. Wilde's collection the contemporary chaos is still more evident, for Mr. Wilde is the bolder and more catholic in taste of the two editors and has a wider field to glean. Formerly an admirer of the vaudeville and of French boulevard drama, he has come to see that today's pioneer playwriting is being done in a very different style and on entirely new themes. He therefore includes in his varied bill of fare from nine countries, Paul Green's brave and terrible "Hymn to the Rising Sun" and Clifford Odets's no less terrible "Till the Day I Die," both tragic invectives against twentieth-century brutality, and two ironic forecasts of what the next war will bring us to—his own fantastic "World Without End" and "The Next War," by Hans Gross, a German. He presents several writers hitherto almost unknown in the United States: the grim Scotch proletarian, Joe Corrie; the Austrian poet, Lernet Holenia; the popular though insignificant Hungarian, Attila von Orbók. And he includes two very representative sentimental trifles from England, one by John Drinkwater and one by Phillip Johnson, which, like Henri Duvernois's "Bronze Lady," prove that prewar dramatic fashions still interest some large audiences. Evreinov's psychological grotesque, "The Corridors of the Soul," apparently Mr. Wilde's own favorite among these plays, he offers in a new translation from Coskor's German version which is fuller and more entertaining than the English edition published in the twenties.

The range and variety of theme and style in these nine short plays make Mr. Wilde's volume fairly representative of the contemporary theater in Europe and America. The editor's introductions, too, are informative and acute, especially his essay on The Drama and the Nazis, written with more intense feeling and therefore more freely than some of the other prefaces in which his rather formal standards for good technique are shown to be not quite abreast of recent theories and practice. Yet he everywhere gives proof of wide and first-hand knowledge of his art and of an open mind for the experiments of younger men, qualities which mark his editorial work as superior to that of most anthologists.

WINIFRED SMITH

Paris, 1848

SUMMER WILL SHOW. Sylvia Townsend Warner. The Viking Press. $2.50.

TO those impatient Marxist critics who assess the value of a revolutionary novel in terms of its potential agitational effect upon the behavior of a steel worker, Sylvia Townsend Warner's new novel will be of small concern. Remote in time and geography from American industrial struggles, exquisitely, subtly, and intellectually wrought, "Summer Will Show" could hardly, by direct stimulation, influence the course of a single Ohio worker's life. Yet to those other Marxists who believe that the power of their revolution can be determined in part by the quality of the minds it attracts to itself, Miss Warner's tale of Paris and 1848 will be at the very least heartening.

In this novel it is Miss Warner's purpose simply to exhibit with what irresolute but energetic steps an English lady of the Victorian period walked toward the revolution. Sophia Willoughby is a country gentlewoman of birth, means, intelligence, force, and practicality. Not in her marriage to a conventional, dependent, amiable, rakish husband, nor in her two conventional young children, nor in the management of her conventional estate, can she find adequate food for her capacities.

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With the death of her children, Sophia, hitherto no more than restive, begins to flounder actively toward fulfillment. Catching first at the most obvious straw, she takes herself off to Paris to ask of her estranged husband the cold favor of another child.

On this purely domestic errand, she meets the barricades. Through her husband's mistress, a Jewish *diseuse* and romantic revolutionary, she is precipitated into political activity. In the beginning, she merely gyrates about the whirlpool of insurrection, touching much that is meretricious, much that is sincere but misdirected. Confused and vacillant, Sophia nevertheless works, singing on street corners, distributing leaflets, scavenging scrap metal for bullets; works because she loves the Jewess, and because it is her nature to be efficient. Out of the defeat of the Paris Communists, Sophia salvages no shred of her personal life: she loses her husband, her money, her family connections; even the rebellious Jewess she forfeits on the barricades. The novel ends with the Englishwoman, physically beaten, shabby, sitting in the disordered apartment of her dead friend, opening, for the first time, the leaflets she has circulated, discovering the *Communist Manifesto.*

As the dénouement of "Summer Will Show," where elegance burns into fervor, seems to me the most triumphal single moment in revolutionary fiction, so the whole elaborate, fine-spun novel seems the most skilful, the most surefooted, sensitive, witty piece of prose yet to have been colored by left-wing ideology. There are times when Miss Warner verges on preciosity, when the skins of her two women seem too emphatically thin, and the balance of their hairtrigger relationship unnecessarily delicate. The faults of the book are, however, trifling. The book is important, first because it makes clear that Miss Warner, always a competent novelist, has graduated at last from her preoccupation with the picturesque aspects of life to a consideration of its serious emotional and ethical values; second, because it indicates, by implication at any rate, that the left wing has been able to recruit from bourgeois literature a more highly trained, more cerebral fiction writer than it has previously had in its reserve corps.

MARY MCCARTHY

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The Rest of William Morris

WILLIAM MORRIS: ARTIST, WRITER, SOCIALIST. By May Morris. Volume I: *THE ART OF WILLIAM MORRIS; MORRIS AS A WRITER.* Volume II: *MORRIS AS A SOCIALIST; WITH AN ACCOUNT OF WILLIAM MORRIS AS I KNEW HIM.* By Bernard Shaw. Oxford University Press. 52s. 6d.

THESE two volumes are supplementary to the twenty-four in which May Morris collected her father's works between 1910 and 1915, and add to that impressive monument all the chips and stone-dust which she considered worthy of being swept into view. The thirteen hundred large pages here restore to print an astonishing variety of things: reviews, prefaces to other people's books, articles, communications to editors, addresses at annual meetings of æsthetic and socialist societies, and papers on the restoration of ancient buildings. They publish for the first time a number of poems, stories, and sketches. They preserve the opinions of those who knew Morris, including chiefly Bernard Shaw. The various long introductions by the editor place on permanent record a great deal of information which only a member of Morris's family could have had concerning his habits of work and his character at home. And at the end there is an index, none too full it may be remarked, to the twenty-six volumes from which the great Victorian virtuoso now looks at us full-length, daring us to pass a final judgment upon his wisdom, his art, and his eventual usefulness in some society which may or may not turn out to be the thing he wanted society to be.

The man is obviously still alive, though he was buried in Kelmscott Churchyard forty years ago and though the habit has grown on us meanwhile of dismissing him as a sentimental medievalist who dispersed his energy among too many forms of art. It would therefore be absurd to take his dare. For one thing, what are we to make of the fact that Cunninghame Graham said of him: "Never to have known the man is to lose half of him"? Is this true, or is Shaw right when he insists at the close of his incomparable memoir: "With such wisdom as my years have left me I note that as he has drawn further and further away from the hurly-burly of our personal contacts into the impersonal perspective of history he towers greater and greater above the horizon beneath which his best advertised contemporaries have disappeared"? There could never have been any doubt that Morris was a personality of huge strength and charm, a happy man both in his birth and in his work, a force indeed still far from spent. And it has been the easier thing to suppose Cunninghame Graham correct; the furniture-designer, the painter of wallpapers, the weaver of tapestries, the practitioner in stained glass, the poet, the translator, the romancer, the socialist—all of these together were amazing, but was any of them first-rate? Shaw's answer is perhaps extravagant, yet total deafness to it at the moment would be stupid. He declares Morris to have been "quite simple and quite right" in his socialism, and prophesies that the Russians will presently discard as he did the "intellectual trifling" of Marx's dialectic. He insists that Morris was "a very great lit-

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erary artist"; his lectures survive as "the best books in the Bible of Socialism," he produced in "Sigurd the Volsung," "the greatest epic since Homer," and his "Odyssey" is "a nobler translation than the tale is worth." Shaw, in other words, goes to the works themselves and claims for them an absolute value having nothing to do with their value as reminders of the essence which was Morris in the flesh. Will a generation which never knew "Topsy" have as much to say for what he left behind him? The answer is difficult.

Such a generation, for instance, may set less store than ours does by tightness in poetry. The poetry of Morris was as loose as the wind, so that even its admirers admit being unable to find evidence of its virtue in separate lines or phrases. They find abundant evidence in the poems as wholes; nor do they think less of Morris because poetry came out of him with so little labor. His daughter testifies that certain of his manuscripts show the effort if not the agony of revision, yet it must be true that most of his verses took shape as his first ones did at Oxford, in 1855, when Burne-Jones exclaimed over their excellence and Morris replied: "If this is poetry, it is very easy to write." It is conceivable that his facility may some day be forgiven him, just as his versatility in several other arts has long ago been forgiven him by those who treasure his designs and observe that much of what he did has been absorbed into the decorative procedures of Europe and America today. His daughter's account of him as a decorative artist is as a matter of fact impressive; his touch was firm and human, and half a century of time does not seem to have dimmed the figure of his imagination which he painted in a dozen mediums. As for his thinking about society, it may very well be as exhaustive as it was simple. All he desired was that the world cease to be unnecessarily ugly and that its inhabitants be given the opportunity to enjoy their labor—not only the fruits of it but the thing iself. He never lost sight of those two principles, and never bothered to complicate them with intellectual operations which he supposed to be superfluous. It remains desirable that they be kept in sight.

MARK VAN DOREN

Shorter Notices

CODICES LATINI ANTIQUIORES, A PALEOGRAPHICAL GUIDE TO LATIN MANUSCRIPTS PRIOR TO THE NINTH CENTURY. Part II. Edited by E. A. Lowe. Oxford University Press. $20.

IN THE second instalment of Dr. Lowe's *magnum opus* the scene of action shifts from the Vatican City to Great Britain and Ireland, in whose libraries the editor has for years been thoroughly at home. Although the same completeness, acumen, and ability to present much in little space are everywhere apparent, this reviewer must express again his regret that the manuscripts, with their facsimiles, are not arranged in chronological order. It would have been easy to arrange the items according to their kinds and their periods, with an index of manuscripts at the end. In this way the work would have been far more valuable as a "paleographical guide," stimulating the reader to compare, to distinguish, and to discover. The interest of the book is, however, by no means limited to paleography—or paleography in the old-fashioned sense. Not only are the constituents of a script nowadays discussed, but its history and its connection with the larger history of the times as well. Dr. Lowe, always modest, would be the first to admit that the final word has not yet been uttered, for instance, on the origin of the Irish script or of the essential differences between it and early English; doubtless the researches of Professor C. H. Beeson will throw further light on these and other problems of moment. Such details are admittedly controversial, but one of the virtues of Dr. Lowe's work is that it stimulates controversy.

E. K. RAND

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PHYSICS. By Max Planck. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.

THIS book can in no sense be called a philosophy of physics. It consists of Max Planck's ideas on religion, teaching, philosophy, and God. It is distressing to realize that a man of such intellect can come to advocate a German physics. His own presentation of the difficulty of the specialist's spreading his views beyond his field should have been applied at its source. "This deserves all the more emphasis because every expert tends to exaggerate the importance of his special field in proportion to the length of time spent on it and to the difficulties encountered. And once he has discovered the solution of a problem, he tends to exaggerate its scope and to apply the solution to cases of a totally different nature." There are no views presented in this book which have not been presented elsewhere, and with greater clarity.

HUGH H. DARBY

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Letters to the Editors

FROM PARCHED LANDS

Dear Sirs: I do not approve of your comments on the drought in your issue of July 11. You are too far east to be conversant with history and conditions here. I came in 'sixty-nine at seven years of age. Long years ago I realized that this was a semi-arid region. I am a devoted lover of trees, shrubs, and flowers.

The first pioneers told of a drought in the early 'sixties when the *native grasses* failed to produce *hay!* Settlers in the Big Sioux, a lovely, fertile valley, had to go five and six miles to the west to the "sloughs," by which I grew up, to mow the coarse, saw-tooth-edged grass, "and," added a woman who heard the story told, "they could not tell in the morning where they left off the previous day." In 'sixty-nine and 'seventy that grass was way over the heads of us children, as we went after the cattle; we had to listen for them, could not see them.

Plenty of rain in the 'seventies. About 1875-76 wheat grew in shocks, rotted in stacks. Roads ran twin brooklets in the "slough" lands (low ground in valley of the Missouri River). Settlers pulled up stakes and went on to Oregon and Washington Territory. The winter of 1880-81 was the "winter of the big snow"; the spring of 'eighty-one was the "spring of the big flood"—the little city of Vermillion, at the foot of the table-land, washed out in one night. It grew drier through the 'eighties. In 'ninety-four came a great drought. The Brule Creek near my home went dry that year; I do not recall that occurring again 'till 1925-26. The latter year went *wet* after August; drowned out southern and southeast Iowa, flooded coal mines, laid hay meadows flat in mud, overflowed sidewalks. About twenty years or more ago the Big Sioux overflowed fifteen consecutive years in the spring.

In the late 'nineties waves of settlers flowed into the state only to be burned out and "go back east and live with the wife's folks," leaving their all behind in the shape of good buildings on the abandoned farms.

On the whole, the years have been wet or dry, with the hot dry spells every summer. But never such a succession of hot, dry years as the first half of the 'thirties, up to the present phenomenal spell of weather. Remember, this drought began in the *southeast,* and extends from the Rockies to the Atlantic seaboard, more or less.

People must have land to live. In my youth the frontier vanished; the arable wild land was all taken. We must restore what we have wasted. We must terrace, dam, and conserve, that men may live. A man familiar with the "west-river country" in this state figures that a wheat crop one year in three is worth two or three times the value of an annual grass crop in the same period of time.

Why this unearthly, unprecedented, hot, dry weather over all the land? Residents of the Atlantic states, which have been populated for two centuries or more, ought to be able to throw some light on the situation. We are new out here. The sloughs, creeks, and water holes are dried up. We have ditched and drained, but our corn usually stands twelve feet tall, and normally gives fifty to sixty bushels to the acre. Just now my ten-acre alfalfa is ready for a second cutting that we think will equal the first, which gave at least fifteen tons of hay.

It seems to me the physical world is in revolution as well as the world of men.

ALICE A. TOLLEFSON

Elk Point, South Dakota, July 14, 1936

WHAT MAN HAS WROUGHT

Dear Sirs: I was struck by a sentence in your comment on a letter from M. E. Poyer in your issue of August 1. The sentence is as follows:

> We call his attention to the fact that there is an unprecedented drought also in the Southeastern states *where nothing new is imputable to man's action* [Italics mine.]

I take it that sentence is intended, in view of what M. E. Poyer states, to mean that the same human insanity that stripped the West of its natural water holdings did not affect the Southeast.

I suggest that you stand on the banks of the Warrior, Alabama, Flint, Chattahoogee, and Savannah rivers and note the color of them all and then get some old person who knew those rivers sixty years ago, to tell you what was their color then. Sixty years ago, aye fifty, those rivers ran colored only by decayed and decaying timbers, leaves and vegetation, clear in great part and appearing black except on closer view. Today those same rivers are red in color and carrying the soil of Alabama, Georgia, the Carolinas, and western Mississippi to the sea.

Gone are the great forests which covered the hills, while for mile on mile the bare red earth, full of gullies and baked to a cinder, holds no water for any length of time. Great hills stick out bare of the red soil that once covered them, even after the timber was cut, mere piles of sand which are also finding their way, blown by every gale, toward the lowlands, covering the good soil there.

Man, and man alone, is responsible for it all.

OWEN KEEFE

St. Louis, July 30

"THE JEWS OF GERMANY"

Dear Sirs: In reviewing my work, "The Jews of Germany: A Story of Sixteen Centuries," Mr. James Waterman Wise registered two complaints with which I am loath to quarrel, for apparently he means well by the book and its philosophy; but in order to advance his own points he has, I think, belittled and misrepresented mine.

His first complaint is that while I have "repeatedly" shown the economic basis of anti-Semitism, I have done so "at times with insufficient explicitness." Thumbing the book I estimate that I have devoted well over one-third of its 425 pages to the economic background of German and Jewish history—a greater proportion, as far as I know, than has ever been given to economics in any general history of Jewry or a portion of Jewry. It would have been fairer of Mr. Wise to state in what period and connection my economics were insufficient.

Secondly, he complains that my closing chapters "fall short in stating the wider implications of German Jewry's fate"—meaning that I merely "whispered in dulcet tones" the important fact that anti-Semitism is a menace not only to its victims but to its exponents.

I gave over twenty pages to stating precisely this point—for example, at the beginning of my account of the Aryan myth (p. 290); in discussing the use made of Aryanism to drug the middle

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classes (pp. 329-331); in my analysis of the Nazi platform (pp. 326 and 367); in describing the Nazi seizure of power (pp. 397-98), the boycott of April 1, 1933 (p. 399), the method employed to put over the Nuremberg Laws and their concealed joker (pp. 403-06), and the terror after the burning of the Reichstag (p. 395).

In the course of stating these wider implications I called—and gave detailed reasons for calling—anti-Semitism "a racial cloak thrown over the class struggle." The Jew, I expressly declared, was not only a scapegoat, but "more insidious and ruinous to his oppressors, he is used as a blind. Even as the pack hunts him with hue and cry, it is they who are stripped of their rights and strength."

I can't argue whether my expressions, *racial cloak* and *blind,* and many other similar ones which I used, are more "dulcet" than Mr. Wise's term *smoke screen;* but the fact that they did not catch his ear only proves that no reader or reviewer is so deaf as the man who can hear nothing but the boom of his own voice.

MARVIN LOWENTHAL

Monsey, New York, July 10

Dear Sirs: Mr. Lowenthal has insufficiently analyzed the criticisms to which he objects in my review. He answers the first by pointing with pride to the amount of space—"well over one-third of its 425 pages"—devoted by him to the economic background of German anti-Semitism. What I criticized, however, was the lack not of *extensiveness* but of *explicitness* in this connection. Moreover, the very fact that Mr. Lowenthal totals a certain number of pages "given to economics," rather than recognizes the functional necessity of economic interpretation throughout, proves my contention.

Again, in regretting Mr. Lowenthal's failure to state "the wider implications of Germany Jewry's fate," I meant and mean the implications of *action which can prevent its repetition elsewhere.* His analysis, while correct, was undynamic. Yet, if the tragic story of the Jews of Germany has any value beyond the memorial, it is as object-lesson in the necessity of militant and united struggle against reaction. Concerning a danger imminent as I hold fascism to be, understanding which does not insistently lead to action, degenerates into folly.

As to the "boom of [my] own voice" which the author charges has deafened me to his arguments, I flee for comfort to an older and, perhaps, even more authentic tradition of Jewish life and letters than Mr. Lowenthal's. In such times and upon such issues as those which today confront the friends of peace and freedom, it permits, indeed commands, us to Cry Aloud and Spare Not!

JAMES WATERMAN WISE

New York, July 28

Dear Sirs: I turned from Marvin Lowenthal's "The Jews of Germany" to the review of it by James Waterman Wise—to discover with amazement that this reviewer considers the economic basis of anti-Semitism to have been shown with insufficient explicitness, and also that Mr. Lowenthal has fallen short in stating the wider implications of German Jewry's fate.

Having just risen from reading the book I am profoundly impressed by the brilliant manner in which the economic basis is shown to underlie every aspect of the question from the first records relating to the Jews down to the present day—and this with such deftness, balance, lucidity, and pertinacity that the most scatter-brained reader could not possibly escape the conclusion which Mr. Lowenthal does not argue but demonstrates.

This is a book of such immense importance that it seems to me something of a calamity to give a wrong impression of it. Its most valuable aspect is just the one which Mr. Wise finds lacking. It is not a book about Jews only, but about Germany; and not only about Germany, but about civilization. And any reader who does not understand from it that Germany's treatment of Jews and communists and liberals has been a smoke screen for the material and spiritual enslavement of the whole German people has certainly been wool gathering.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

New York, July 12

THE ADVANTAGES OF STRIKES

Dear Sirs: As we are not able to afford a subscription to your magazine, a kindly neighbor lends us hers, and to us it is a ray of hope in an atmosphere generally murky where labor relations are concerned. I wish that some publicity could be loosed which would be convincing to the small retail and business men that the strike is not a weapon aimed at them. The NRA showed them that while laws concerning labor will be invoked against them, the really guilty offenders will not be touched. This has made them more skeptical than ever of any form of organized labor activity. They should be helped to realize that the strike proper can be, and usually is, directed at the sorest spots, and is really a bulwark to the small dealers, as it enables them to have better buying and paying customers. Moreover, the chain store, which these small business men fear and detest, is really a weapon against the strike, because it precludes the possibility of the striker being carried by a friendly fellow townsman, and also removes the stake the local business people have in the success of the strike.

May I thank you for your honest championship of what your careful judgment dictates.

A READER

Oberlin, Ohio, July 10

INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM

Dear Sirs: Certain of the craft union moguls in the A. F. of L. argue against industrial unionism on the ground that something similar was tried in the days of the Knights of Labor and failed. With about as plausible a show of reasoning might the framers of our Constitution have said at Philadelphia: Democracy was tried in ancient Athens. It failed. Ergo, we should not try it now.

Long ago, before craft versus industrial unionism was debated, John Stuart Mill, with that marvelous insight into economic and social relations which at times characterized him, said:

> If no improvement were to be hoped for in the general circumstances of the working classes, the success of a portion of them, however small, in keeping their wages, by combination, above the market-rate, would be wholly a matter of satisfaction. But when the elevation of the character and condition of the entire body has at last become a thing not beyond the reach of rational effort, it is time that the better paid classes of skilled artisans should seek their own advantage in common with, and not by exclusion of, their fellow laborers. While they continue to fix their hopes on hedging themselves in against competition, and protecting their own wages by shutting out others from access to their employment, nothing better can be expected from them than total absence of any large and generous aims . . . . Success, even if attainable in raising up a protected class of working people, would now be a hindrance instead of a help to the emancipation of the working classes at large.

The Knights of Labor failed, it is true. The present drive for industrial unionism may also fail. However, if labor is to save its own neck it will eventually have to direct its action along this line.

LEO BROPHY

New York City, July 27

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THE *Nation* 70 YEARS AGO

August, 1866

MATTHEW ARNOLD, BISMARCK, AND NAPOLEON

In his last effusion, "*Geist,*" Mr. Matthew Arnold's especial target is Mr. Goldwin Smith who, in suggesting a possible alliance of England and United Germany against the Second Empire, has laid himself open to the formidable charge of "*Ungeist*" — unintelligence, stupidity. The alliance will rather be the other way, says Mr. Arnold, since Prussia and France, like one body, are animated by "*Geist,*" of which England has not a particle; and he concludes his half-contemptuous attack with a recommendation to the British people to get "*Geist.*" Mr. Arnold may sneer at the instinct of parties—he is not in sympathy with the spirit of the age when he sides with the arbitrary "*Geist*" of Bismarcks and Napoleons. The world has too much of it already and does not need to be told to "get" more. . . . Considering that Napoleon's reign has been a systematic repression of whatever is pure, independent, aspiring, enlightened that threatens the stability of his throne, what juster than to identify him with that Mephistopheles—"*Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint*"?

PARIS GOSSIP

The habit of driving, so common among English ladies, imitated here by several of the leading ambiguities, has been followed, as usual, by the lady leaders of the *bon-ton;* . . . At first, the sight of a lady driving would bring all walkers to a stand-still; now it is regarded as a matter of course, and no one supposes, as formerly, that a vehicle so driven must necessarily come to grief.

BENIGHTED WORKERS

Those workingmen who are in favor of an eight-hour movement have held a "Labor Congress" in which they said a good many wise things—such as that cooperation was the great remedy for the ills of the working classes; and a good many foolish things—such as their talk of "the alarming encroachments of capital on the rights of the industrial classes." If the capitalists were to refrain from these "encroachments," two-thirds of the workingmen of the country would starve. But there is, after all, something deplorable in the ignorance exhibited by workingmen of the laws which regulate their relations with their employers throughout this eight-hour agitation, and what makes it all the worse is that the agitation itself is due to the growing tendency of all classes of the public to believe that remedies for all social ills are to be found in legislation. If the American workman is unfit to make his own bargain with his employer, then democracy is a failure and our institutions no better than those of the Old World.

THE FEMALE PHYSICIAN

The common mind finds no good and conclusive reason why women should be barred from the privilege of practicing the healing art. Why should we not employ a doctress if we like? We might, it is true, have our suspicions as to the likelihood of her retaining in so high a degree as one of the sterner sex, efficiency and *sang-froid* in the case of dire emergency. . . . To the physician it presents another aspect. It is esteemed unprofessional for a reputable male physician to hold communion of any kind with a female physician. . . . Medical teaching whether by dissections, demonstrations, lectures and diagrams, or by the run of the hospital, becomes so unpleasantly complicated by that regard for the *bienséances* which a mixed audience requires, that as yet very few professors of note have been found willing to instruct such audiences. . . . Regard for truth demands the further admission that the female aspirants for the medical profession must, as a general rule, from the very nature and condition of things as they now are, be persons at whom the individual male physician may well be pardoned if he looks askance.

HENRY JAMES ON GEORGE ELIOT

Better, perhaps, than any of George Eliot's novels does "Felix Holt" illustrate her closely wedded talent and foibles. Her plots have aways been artificial—clumsily artificial—the conduct of her story slow and her style diffuse. . . . The plot of "Felix Holt" is essentially made up, and its development is forced. The style is the same lingering, slow-moving, expanding instrument which we already know. The termination is hasty, inconsiderate, and unsatisfactory—is, in fact, almost an anti-climax. It is a good instance of a certain sagacious tendency to compromise which pervades the author's spirit, and to which her novels owe the disproportion between the meager effect of the whole and the vigorous character of the different parts, which stamp them as the works of a secondary thinker and an incomplete artist. But if such are the faults of "Felix Holt," we hasten to add that its merits are immense, and that the critic finds it no easy task to disengage himself from the spell of so much power, so much brilliancy, and so much discretion. . . . George Eliot has the exquisitely good taste on a small scale, the absence of taste on a large, the unbroken current of feeling, and, we may add, of expression, which distinguish the feminine mind.

CONTRIBUTORS

MAXWELL STEWART, associate editor of *The Nation,* landed in Barcelona shortly after the outbreak of the military rebellion. He is planning to send further first-hand accounts of the magnificent fight of the Spanish workers to maintain their democracy.

ANITA BRENNER contributed to *The Nation* of April 29 an article entitled Spain Mobilizes for Revolution, in which she analyzed the antagonistic forces which were even then moving toward the present struggle for power.

ERNESTINE EVANS is a well-known journalist and an authority on children's books.

ALBERT VITON is the pseudonym of an American journalist living in the Near East whose striking reports of events and movements in that part of the world are already familiar to readers of *The Nation.*

MAX LERNER'S essay on Dos Passos is one of a series he is doing on American progressive writers. Those that have already appeared have dealt with Thorstein Veblen, Charles Beard, John Reed, and Mr. Justice Holmes. Essays on Randolph Bourne, V. L. Parrington and Felix Frankfurter will appear in later issues.

HAROLD J. LASKI is professor of political science at the London School of Economics. He is author of "The State in Theory and Practice," and other volumes. "The Rise of European Liberalism" will be published next month.

WILLIAM STEIG is well known, among other things, for his depiction of Small Fry in the *New Yorker.* He also hunts larger game.

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